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Everybody's Magazine

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK

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WRITING HOME THE FIRST LETTER FROM THE LAND OF THE FREE.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VIII. MAY, 1903. No. 5.

ROMANCES OF NEW AMERICANS

BY ELEANOR HOYT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. ADAMS

DESERTED BY HER LOVER.

THERE is comedy on the Ellis Island stage, though hardly enough to feed a healthy sense of humor. There are immigrants by the thousands who pass all examinations quickly and successfully, are hailed by friends in the Hall of Joyous Meetings—which the immigration authorities wouldn't recognize under that name—and plunge happily, confidently into the great new world. But there are other immigrants who are cast for roles in detention and separation, and these are pathetic, even tragic plays—just how tragic even the actor himself hardly knows while the curtain is up and the action progressing.

It is no place for the sentimentalist, is Ellis Island, unless he be in search of sensations or of copy. The immigrant official who does his work well must be a patriot, a philosopher and a man of business; otherwise his nerves will wear to fiddle strings or he will harden into unfeeling brutality. He must realize that the restriction of immigration is necessary to the welfare of the country, and that such restriction can be made effective only by inflexible rules; but even with such moral and mental panoply to fortify him, this immigrant official possibly will not sleep well o' nights during his novitiate.

They are so optimistic, these hordes of foreigners who are pouring into their promised land, so confident of flowing milk and honey, so glad that the wandering is over. They swarm off the boats and are met by loud-voiced, impatient men who have seen shoals of immigrants come and go and who have lost their dramatic sense in the development of an executive ability that would

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rouse envious admiration in the breast of an expert cattle herder.

The nervous, excited, deprecatory crowd must be handled quickly, for more are coming—and more—and more. A large percentage of the immigrants are dirty, ill-smelling, repulsive. Bewilderment and confusion make them appear hopelessly stupid. Dumb brutes they are in outward seeming, dumb brutes with appealing, frightened eyes, and the ordinary under official takes them at that valuation. If they don't understand, he shouts at them. That is an infallible recipe for making oneself understood by foreigners. If shouting doesn't move them, he shoves them, hustles them into line.

The flood pours through the doors, up the stairs, and into the big examination room.

At the end of a narrow passageway, hemmed in by iron railings, waits an alert, keen-eyed doctor with a watchful matron by his side. He does his duty swiftly, automatically, uncompromisingly; looks for contagious scalp disease and eye disease, notes every sign of physical weakness. A motley crew passes through his hands. Men, women and children in the garb of all nations, old and young, strong and feeble, terrified, curious, defiant, indifferent. Sallow, emaciated men, with the marks of ill-health written on their dull faces, try pitiably to brace themselves into vigor before the doctor or to slink by him unnoticed. Sturdy, yellow-haired Scandinavians square their broad shoulders and look the inquisitor defiantly in the eyes, serenely conscious of their splendid physiques. Homely women scuttle past. Pretty girls bridle and blush. Bewildered children cling tightly to their mothers' skirts and stare with great, frightened eyes at the man who pulls off their caps and tilts back their heads to look into their faces.

All found wanting are turned aside into the detention pen. The others, safely past the doctor, fall into the hands of other men who examine their papers, find out how much money they have, and ask questions enough to make the best-intentioned foreigner lie from sheer confusion. Rescued from this Scylla, the immigrant is swept into an appalling Charybdis where contract labor examiners lie in wait. If, hurled from reef to reef, he finally reaches smooth water and is tossed ashore, dazed, breathless, uncertain of his fate, he is then taken in hand by agents who resuscitate him and send him on his way to American citizenship.

GENIAL ITALIANS WHO CAN'T LIE SUCCESSFULLY ENOUGH TO CONCEAL THEIR LABOR CONTRACTS.

If fault has been found with him, he joins the "S. I.'s" and awaits the pleasure of the Board.

The second act of the drama takes place before the Board of Special Inquiry. The room is a pleasant one. The mild-mannered men grouped around the big desk do not appear formidable, but he who has tried to stand up before them and lie consistently finds them appalling; and, scattered over Europe, are hundreds of poor wretches who, when they picture the devil, give him the face of a member of the Ellis Island Special Inquiry Board.

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The function of these amateur St. Peters is to separate sheep and goats, and all day long detained immigrants file before them and undergo a fire of cross-questionings. Major Sempsey does the talking for the Board, and apparently has no preference in the matter of tongues. He's ready to talk any language, any dialect the immigrant chooses; and the foreigners cling pathetically to this big man with the kind eyes and the gruff voice who speaks to them in the vernacular of their homes. He handles them considerately, though he doesn't spare them; and, with the women and children, his brusquerie softens into something like gentleness. A woman's a woman, even when she is dirty and ill-favored, and when the truth is not in her; and the women who come before the S. I. Board are usually pitiful cases.

A TYPE FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF ITALY.

"Giuletta Racchochini," calls the secretary. The summons is passed on into outer darkness, and a nervous little Italian woman, in the dress of a Savoyard peasant, scurries into the room, her black eyes roving from face to face, a rising stream of protest and exclamation dammed insecurely behind closed lips. She has a child—yes; and Tomaso has sent for her. He has work on the big ditch—yes; and he can take care of her. Mother of God, why is it that one is not allowed to go to the home that is waiting over the grocery shop, in the street of the Mulberry? The little Giacomo is ill? But no; of a surety he has the strength of an ox. That he should have a disease of the head! Name of a cabbage, what child has not a disease of the head? Send him back to Italy? The signors are jesting. It is impossible. He is but a bambino. How could he go alone? Go with him! The flood of volubility breaks loose and surges through the Board room, but the Major checks it.

A SWEDISH GIRL SENT FOR BY HER PROSPEROUS LOVER.

Tomaso is not on hand, but a neighbor has come in his place and is called in. The bambino has a bad case of favus and cannot be admitted. The mother or some responsible person must go back with him; and, as the truth filters slowly through the brain of the woman, she drops her persuasive Italian smile, her honeyed voice, and storms, sobs, denounces, until taken away to await word from the absent Tomaso. A home on the street of the Mulberry will be to let.

"Anna Nelsen."

The matron comes with her, and the Major blows his nose savagely. This case has been up before.

The fair-haired Norwegian girl stands quietly beside the matron, her blue eyes staring vaguely at the faces in the room.

"No word from the sweetheart?"

The matron shakes her head.

"She wrote she was coming?"

"Yes, but he hadn't sent for her. It had been understood she would come when her mother died. She thought it would be all right."

"No money? No other friends?"

"No."

"The doctor thinks the thing has unbalanced her mind permanently?"

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The matron nodded.

The girl was smiling now, in a puzzled fashion, but at every sound she turned swiftly toward the door.

The St. Peters looked uncomfortable.

"Three weeks since she came?"

A TYPICAL GROUP OF ITALIANS WAITING FOR ADMISSION.

"Yes."

"Excluded," said one member of the Board quietly. The others nodded. The girl was led away, still smiling, still listening to the footsteps in the corridor, and again the Major blew a trumpet blast.

Love stories are a drug in the Special Inquiry market, and sometimes they have happy endings, in witness whereof stands the Ellis Island Marriage Bureau, but in real life love stories are not formed to suit the prejudices of the readers, and the Ellis Island officials often close the book when pathos and tragedy are at flood-tide.

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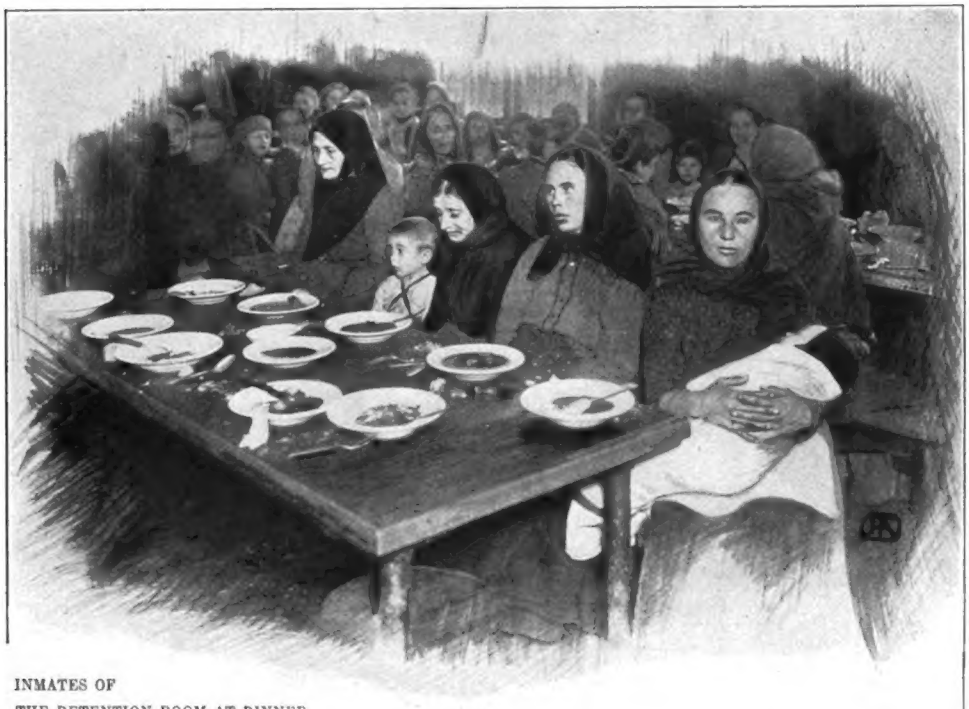


INMATES OF
THE DETENTION ROOM AT DINNER.

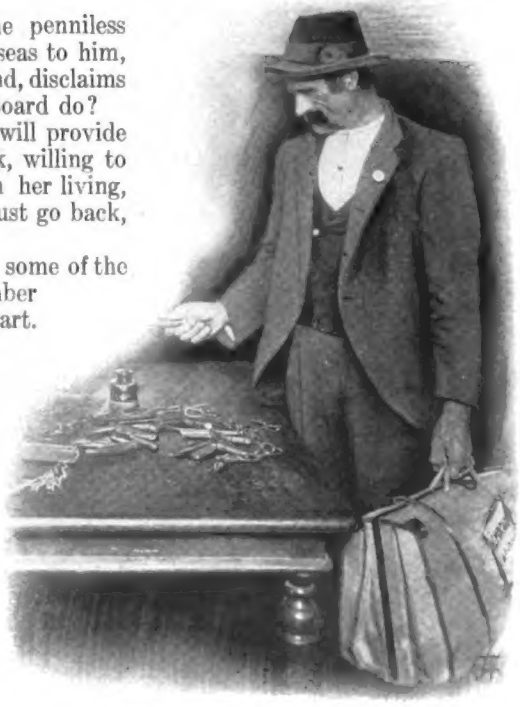
When the lover does not meet the penniless sweetheart who has come across the seas to him, when he cannot be found, or, being found, disclaims all responsibility, what can the S. I. Board do?

If the girl has other friends who will provide for her, or if she be strong, able to work, willing to stay in a strange land alone and earn her living, she may be admitted. If not, she must go back, shamed, heartsick, wretched.

There was one lovers' tangle which some of the employees on the Island still remember with a twinge in the region of the heart.

A Swedish girl came over to be married to a sweetheart who had come on before to prepare a home for her. She had waited, but now the home was ready. Olaf had sent for her, would meet her in New York, and they would go home together — to the farm. Yes, he had a farm—in three years—all his own. It was wonderful—but then, Olaf was so remarkable—and in America one has the chance.

All the steerage heard the story, and listened patiently. She was so pretty, so happy. Even the immigrant women whose



EXCLUDED ITALIANS MUST SURRENDER ALL WEAPONS
BEFORE ENTERING THE DETENTION ROOM.

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ITALIANS PASSING THE FIRST MEDICAL INSPECTION FOR FAVUS AND TRACHOMA.

views on domesticity had lost their rose color hadn't the heart to air those views before Christina. They compared matrimonial notes and shook their heads behind her back, but they accepted Olaf's halo without question.

And when the Island was reached, every one kept an eye out for Olaf. He would be the handsomest man one had ever seen. There couldn't be the slightest difficulty about recognizing him. Christina had assured them of that.

As for Christina, she was all eyes.

From the moment the boat anchored she expected him to appear; but when it was explained to her that she must go through the examination before she could see any friends, she tried to be reasonable. After all, it was perhaps even harder on Olaf than on her.

But when the examination was over and she needed only to be claimed, and no Olaf was forthcoming, her smiles became a trifle uncertain. The matron was kind. Doubtless the tardy sweetheart had been delayed by the trains, since he was coming from Minnesota. Once more the smiles were beaming. That was it, surely. It was very far, this Minnesota, and he would have to be on the steam cars all night. She would wait. Poor Olaf!

So she waited, but the next day came, and the next, and no Olaf. Inquiries were made. The man had a farm at the address given, but he was away. No one knew where. It was the old story; and when a week had gone by and no news had come, a return steamer sailed and a wretched little Swedish girl sailed on it. The matron was glad the matter was ended. She wore upon one, that broken-hearted little Christina who did not cry.

Two days later a strapping young Swede stormed Ellis Island. His name was Olaf Ericson, and he had been lying sick in a little western town where the railroad accident had occurred. Telegraph? How could he when he was out of his head? Gone back? Christina gone back! And then the officials had an object lesson in Berserker wrath.

He calmed down at last and was utterly miserable. Poor little Christina! And she thought he had forgotten! He would cable. She could come back on the next boat. Money? Of course he had money—and he proved it by ocular demonstration.

The cable was sent off, and then it was Olaf's turn to wait. In time an answer came. She knew. She was coming back. Everybody celebrated, and then there was more waiting. At last the day came round, and the boat came with it. Every one had a smile ready for Christina and Olaf—had ready more than smiles.

But she didn't come in the first rush, as

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1. HAPPY IMMIGRANTS WAITING FOR THE TRANSPORT BOAT. 2. A TYPICAL RUSSIAN WITH HIS PACK-HORSE WIFE.
3. A FAMILY OF PAUPERS WHO CANNOT BE ADMITTED, SOME OF THE CHILDREN HAVING EYE AND SCALP DISEASE.

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was expected. The crowd dwindled to a thin stream—still no pink-cheeked, yellow-haired girl with radiant face. The matron began to feel vaguely disturbed. A man with papers in his hand touched her on the arm.

"Death in the steerage," he whispered. "Christina Jansen."

DRIVEN FROM FINLAND TO SEEK NEW HOMES IN THE LAND OF PLENTY.

Here the story ended, for of final happenings Ellis Island keeps no record.

Olaf went back to his farm.

There are women in the detention room whose love stories tell of shame as well as grief, girls who have left the homes they have disgraced and in blind hope followed the lovers who loved and sailed away; wives who were left behind by husbands, and now sent for, have come in abject fear because the proof of their unfaithfulness during the separation is beyond hiding; other wives who have come in search of husbands grown careless in matters of writing and money-sending. The immigrant officials assisting at stormy scenes, at emotional crises, have a chance to study human nature in the raw, and with the help of the clergymen and missionaries they adjust moral issues as best they may, but the tangle is bad enough when all is said.

There are many causes for which an immigrant may be turned away from our shores, but pauperism, ill-health and violation of the contract labor laws bar more foreigners than do all other causes together. During 1902, 4,479 paupers, 274 contract labor violators and 711 diseased persons

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N ITALIAN RELEASED FROM THE DETENTION
I COM AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

were sent straight back to Europe at the cost of the steamship companies. The steamship authorities are required to examine every immigrant before he is taken on board ship, and if he is ineligible to admission at New York to refuse passage to him. This being the case, if on being examined at Ellis Island the immigrant is found ineligible, the steamship company is held responsible and gives him free passage upon a return steamer. When the boat reaches the other side the outcast is dumped upon foreign soil, possibly without money or provision for reaching his native place, which may be across half the continent from the port. The German Government has a contract with German steamship companies by which the latter are pledged to send all returned emigrants to their native places; but even under this wise dispensation the situation is bad enough. Many of the deported have before leaving home sold everything they owned, converting it all into money to pay their passage. No homes are waiting for them; their hopes are dead; they are shut out from the life of which they dreamed, and cannot even take up the old life where they left off with it.

There is the real consummation of the deportation tragedy, but it is played out far from the Ellis Island stage.

The ship company's responsibility does not end even when an immigrant has successfully passed immigration examinations. If, at any time within a year, he becomes a public charge from causes existing at the

DISAPPOINTED IMMIGRANTS WATCHING THE DEPARTURE OF THE RELEASED ITALIAN.

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TYPICAL ITALIANS.

time of his shipping, the company is still liable and must carry him back to Europe; and many poor mortals, after safely passing through the storm and stress and joyfully turning their backs upon Ellis Island drift there again after weeks or months, disillusioned, despondent, helpless. Some of them are brought by relatives or acquaintances who are unwilling to support them, some come of their own accord, some come through the city's charity department, which will not provide for foreigners who have been in the country less than a year.

Several months ago an old Russian Jew, weak, emaciated, helpless, was turned over to the Island authorities by the Department for Relief of the Outdoor Poor.

He had been picked up, half starved, half frozen, wholly unconscious, in an East Side doorway, one bitter night. The authorities would have sent him to Blackwell's, but found when he was able to talk that he had been in America only two months. So they forwarded him to the Immigration Bureau with their compliments. There his case was looked up and various officials remembered him. He had been detained because he was old, feeble, had incipient pulmonary trouble, and was without money. But two buxom daughters appeared to plead his cause. They were enthusiastic, garrulous, all affection and devotion. It would be their privilege to provide for dear papa. One was married to a man whose business was worth $9,000. The other was single, but earned $15 a week in a factory. Their filial affection was an object lesson to all beholders, and the little old father with the mute lips and the tragic Slav eyes stood in his rough peasant clothes and watched his talkative, elaborately dressed children with something between pride and awe. Finally they carried him off triumphantly, and the judges made remarks to each other about the strong family affection among the lower classes in general and the Hebrews in particular.

The sequel to the story came out when the old man was brought before the Board two months later. Yet he shrank from telling it and it had to be pieced out from monosyllabic answers.

The married daughter had taken charge of him first, but her husband soon grew tired of the burden, and she adored her husband. They wanted him to work, and he tried. He had been a tailor, but the climate was different, and he was old, and the work would not go. They sent him to the other daughter then. She did not like it, but she was kind at first. When she found how much she must give up in order to provide for him, she stopped being kind, and always she was wondering why God allowed old people to live when they were but burdens. She believed he could work, and he tried again, but it only made him ill. He tried to eat little; he needed no fires. But the daughter was angry always. At last one night she turned him into the street. The report of the Charities Department told the rest of the pitiful tale.

"There should be some way of forcing the children to keep their promises, and some adequate punishment for perjury before the Immigration Board," said the Commissioner, "but there is neither. There's nothing to do but send him back to Russia, and Heaven knows what will become of him there."

Such cases of unfilial brutality are fortunately rare, but many an unhappy old father or mother passes the Board and finds temporary lodging in the detention room, and the mothers whose children have failed them win the sympathy of even the burly doorkeeper, who has an old mother of his own in Ireland.

A ROSY-CHEEKED IRISH IMMIGRANT.

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One old Italian woman, who lingered for two weeks in the detention room, had three sons in America, "all good boys." When the father died, she sold the little house—why should she stay now that she was alone?—and set out to join her boys. There was money enough for the passage, and it would cost but little to keep her. She would cook and mend and clean—she could save them money. Two of the boys were married, yes; but Carlo was not. He was the youngest. Perhaps the others would not be glad, after all, but Carlo would. No one had met her, but there were many things that might explain. She waited for "the children" while the Immigration Bureau set its machinery at work to find the dutiful ones. After a time she gave up the two older boys, but of Carlo she was sure. The married sons in Pittsburg declined to make any promises of support. Carlo was not to be found. He was working somewhere on a

A RUSSIAN FAMILY.

THE AMERICANIZED SYRIAN INQUIRING FOR NEWS OF HER SISTER WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED.

A POOR OLD WOMAN WHOSE HEARTLESS CHILDREN ARE SENDING HER BACK WITHIN THE YEAR LIMIT.

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Jewish. Syrian. Polack.

IMMIGRANT TYPES OF YOUNG WOMEN.

western railroad bed. The little old mother in her short, stuff skirts, her gay kerchief and bodice, her white headdress, went back to Italy, where there was no home waiting, no child to greet her.

All this is not sentimentality. It is fact—fact hard enough, cold enough to satisfy the veriest Gradgrind, and the mills of the Immigration Bureau grind out such facts in liberal measure, but all the exclusions are not set to so plaintive a tune.

There are men by the score who know that they have come in violation of the law and are primed with lies which usually work their undoing through lack of consistency. Some of them have come to fill promised jobs. Some have unsavory European records and perhaps bear the convict brands. Some are mere human flotsam, paupers, loafers, incapables, drifting with the crowd because lacking force to swim in any direction.

A few are clever enough to escape suspicion. More are held up by the examiners and given short shift. There is a right of appeal from the decision of the Board to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington; and in the course of such an appeal comes an examination by the Commissioners, who recommend the case or set the seal of their disapproval upon it.

Day after day all the year round the play goes on in the Board room over on the north side of the building: the detained are hoping against hope; the excluded are waiting for the beginning of the last act.

The women of the two classes are kept together, and the rooms are swarming with women and children on any day of the year, although in summer there is an overflow to the roof garden. There are sick and sad faces in the crowd, yet the atmosphere is not particularly gloomy. The children take the curse off and stir up some merriment, and the women themselves, as a class, find a certain pleasure in such a supply of neighbors, such an opportunity for gossip. There is always some one to whom one can talk, and topics for conversation are as the sands of the sea. The quarters are more comfortable than the homes many of the women have left. One has three square meals a day—and some of the immigrants taste meat for the first time at those long, bare, wooden tables. Some individual women are desperately unhappy, but the crowds of ignorant femininity display a pervasive cheerfulness.

On the men's side of the corridor things are more somber, and it is a queer impression a visitor receives as an employee throws open the door of the deportation room.

The air of the long, narrow room is blue with tobacco smoke. Listless figures huddle on the benches and are grouped about the windows, through which one sees the Goddess of Liberty holding her torch high against the background of sky. Through the thick haze, dull faces, chiefly Slavic, stare at the visitor, but with no trace of special interest. They are expecting nothing, these men whom the wonderful land has rejected.

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Arabian.

Irish.

Hungarian.

IMMIGRANT TYPES OF OLD WOMEN.

Bitter faces, sullen faces, unhappy faces, indifferent faces, all tell the same story—excluded!

From the consumptive Italian actor to the English convict, from the mournful-eyed, hollow-chested Hebrew patriarch to the half-blind German musician, they are failures all; and even when the door is closed upon them an imaginative brain still sees the dreary faces peering through the smoke clouds like a Dantesque vision of lost souls.

The detention room is another story. There one finds no lack of lively interest in chance callers. When the door is opened the on-rush fairly sweeps visitor and employee from their feet. A babel of tongues arises that makes the historic Babel of one's tradition seem tranquil as an Ollendorf exercise.

Every one is demanding tidings. Every one is handing out fresh telegrams. Every one is clutching at hand-luggage, and ready to respond to the awaited call.

Has son or father or brother or uncle or friend come, written, sent money? Is the waiting over? Is one free to go? The man in uniform is seized from every side. Appeals deluge him. Papers are shown him. He laughs good-naturedly, shakes his head, talks a dozen different varieties of pigeon English, backs away and the door closes.

As the two free-born American citizens go down the corridor, past the room where the haunting faces lurk in the curling smoke, the door is flung open and a man shoots out like a projectile. In one hand he carries a carpetbag, in the other a big bundle. His face is quivering with excitement, half incredulous, half rapturous, and he stumbles from sheer nervous haste as he walks. A broad-faced, genial Irish agent follows him and tosses a word to his fellow employee in passing.

"Old uncle in Chicago anted up at the last minute. Chap was to sail to-morrow."

So there are eleventh-hour salvations even when one has joined the faces in the smoke, and that is a comfort to the sentimentalist. But then, as has been said before, the sentimentalist has no business on Ellis Island. He would make an uncommonly inefficient guardian of the public welfare.

JUST ARRIVED FROM FINLAND.

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"FOR FIVE YEARS HE WAS A WOLF'S HEAD."

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THE GROWTH OF THE BLOOD-THIRST.

By H. S. Canfield.

Illustrated by Maxfield Parrish.

LUCK and other things are necessary to the successful man-killer. For instance: Joseph Maddy, of the lower Rio Grande country, stood in his nightgown before a roaring fire. He was barefooted, and was toasting his shins before going to bed. In the other room of the "jacal" his wife was asleep. The hour was ten o'clock and a bitter norther sang outside. Maddy had sold some sheep three days before and had $600 in gold. He felt peaceful and yawned. His weapons were in the bedroom. Some one knocked on the door and he called: "Who's there?" The answer was:

"It's the Jacksons, Joe. We thought we'd stop and warm."

He knew the Jacksons well as ranchers who lived ten miles away. He went to the door in his bare feet, threw it open and said:

"Walk in, gentlemen; walk in!"

The men, booted, spurred, slouch-hatted, armed, shook hands and took seats on each side of the fireplace. Maddy stood between them and passed the gossip of the countryside: the sheep and cattle were wintering well; there was little water in Soldier's Lake; horse-stealing seemed to be checked; the Circle 2 brand expected to send out 5,000 steers in the spring, and so forth and so forth.

At signal each of the Jacksons thrust out a left hand, grabbed him by the nightshirt and shot at him with a Colt's forty-five. He tore from their hold and bounded like a greyhound into the dark sleeping-room, reappeared an instant later with a Winchester in his hands, and the next instant the brothers, who had risen, fell stone dead with their heads in the fire. Maddy, stark naked, powder-burned from hip to armpit, stood and looked at them. The room was smoky; in front of the hearth smouldered the nightshirt. His wife, grasping him by the shoulder, shook him and said:

"Take them out, Joe; take them out!"

"No," he answered quietly. "Let 'em cook."

This man, possibly the deadliest desperado the country has produced, lived and died unheralded beyond a narrow strip of territory between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande. He did not rob stages; he did not head a band; he did not "hold up" little rural banks; he did not scout for the government; consequently his name was not in any newspapers. Mexican mothers used to scare their children into submission with whisper of his name, but his influence did not run outside of his own special bailiwick—"range," he would have called it. He was born in the forties in Atascosa County, Texas, and came of straight American stock. His father was a fighter in the Texan war for independence; two of his uncles were with the American invasion of Mexico. He could read with difficulty and write and spell badly. He died within a hundred miles of the spot where he was born.

He stood five feet four inches high in his boots. He weighed 130 pounds, and was not broad-shouldered or large-boned, yet was immensely muscular. His eye was a light, bright hazel, his hair dark, his mustache red. He was as gentle-mannered as a woman, and even in intensest rage his voice, which was of the middle register and pleasant, never rose above a quiet conversational tone. A more merciless man never drew breath, but he loved little children and would play with them for hours. He was kind to animals, dogs, cats, birds. It was said of him that he never had a sore-backed horse in his life.

In his youth there was one Maddy; later there were two. It is of the beginning and growth of this second Maddy that the story is written. Always he was hospitable—any decent man might feed at his table for a year without danger of a bill; always he was kind to his family and liberal with his friends; always he had a sense of religion in him which forbade him to use oaths, or to gamble, or to drink whisky. Indeed, the craving for spiritual food drove him a half-dozen times into "joining the church"; but after three or four months of hymn-singing and prayer and contributing largely to the support of the minister, he killed somebody and was "read out." They have revivals in that country—days and nights of exciting services when hell fire and brimstone, blue-burning sulphur and lakes of melted lead are dealt

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out by three preachers in turn, when the old-fashioned swinging hymns roll from a thousand throats and a woman's thorough "conversion" shows itself in hysterical writhings and screamings. When a "revival" began Maddy hung back for two days; then he went home, earnestly extracted the cartridges from his weapons and gave them to his wife, bidding her never let him see them again; then he edged his way to the "mourner's bench," sat down and wept copiously; then he was received into the fold. A placid certainty that he was cleansed from sin fell on him and he showed no restlessness for three months. He began to grow moody and irritable then and had doubts that he was "saved." This was followed by short absences from home, which became longer. Afterward a tragedy happened. The man was a dipsomaniac of blood. At this period he was nearly forty years old.

The tiger in him stirred, stretched, yawned and woke to full life in this way: He visited Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande, which was a military post garrisoned by Negro troops. He was young and fond of gatherings. There was a quarter-mile track near the little town on which visiting Mexicans speeded their ponies against the ponies of the Texans. Maddy did not bet, but he felt the excitement and swung his hat and whooped for his favorite. Two drunken cavalrymen, noting his smallness and disliking his noise, ordered him to quit the grounds. He smiled at them. They laid hands on him and he shook them off. They began clumsily to unbutton their overcoats under which they carried their pistols, still thinking to terrify him, and he shot them both. Not a man attempted to detain him. He walked to his horse, which was "staked out" on the prairie nearby, coiled the long rope, hung it at the pommel, mounted and rode away at a slow trot. He did not say a word or make an unnecessary gesture; he did not pause to look at the two bodies sprawled upon the ground. He simply did his work and went away. There was never anything dramatic about him.

For five years he was a wolf's-head. In the vernacular of the Southwest, he was "in the brush," on the "cuidado," "look-out" or "dodge." He slept with the sky for a roof and a "Yorktown apple-tree" saddle for a pillow. Sometimes he got a bed for the night in a cabin of a lonely Mexican or rancher who was afraid of him, but not often. Parties of soldiers pursued him now and then, and now and then he killed one of them. So his appetite for blood grew. He became an expert in woodcraft and his knowledge of topography was wonderful. The district through which he roamed, though small when measured by Texas standards, is yet 125 miles wide by 300 long. There was not a goat-path in it that he did not know. He could dismount on the darkest and stormiest night, feel a bush, wait for a lightning flash and name within a mile the spot upon which he stood. The country is a strange, sad one, watered by arroyos, which are dry nine months in the year, hilly in parts, with little prairie, covered mostly with gnarled thick-standing mesquit, cat-claw, ratama and huisache and cacti twenty feet high. Every wild vegetable thing bears a thorn. League after league of it is swathed in chaparral. Catching such a man in such a land was well-nigh impossible. Whole companies of black regulars scoured for but did not see him; and he slew.

There came a time when the old cavalry moved away and the new regiment, being made up of whites, cared nothing about him, so he got him a ranch and settled down with a wife. His mania was well established, and whereas he had killed formerly in self-defense or to avoid capture, he now killed because he had to. He had become an habitual slayer, of which type there have been many instances.

Not only was he born lucky, but he was a born shot. His natural aptitude for marksmanship had been increased by practice to a point little short of marvellous. He used the Winchester carbine and Colt six-shooter of forty-five caliber. These are "force-ball" weapons, which is to say that they are smaller at the muzzle than at the breech, are heavily charged and have a strong tendency to throw high. In his hands they were tractable to exactness. With the revolver at thirty paces he scalloped the edges of tin plates by cutting them with one-half of the bullets; driving his broncho at full speed past a tree, he put four balls into it in going by; at forty paces he wrote his initials "J. M." on a log or board; standing with heels close together and wheeling rapidly, he clipped the red "pear-apples" from the tips of cactus leaves ten yards away as neatly as a gardener could have clipped them with a pruning shears; throwing a brick in air with his left hand, he broke it, then broke one of the

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pieces before it touched the ground; sending Mexican dollars spinning fifty yards up was child's play. With the Winchester he shot the heads from moccasins swimming fifty yards out in Soldier's Lake, and brought down wild turkeys, sandhill cranes or even blue quails on the wing. The boldest criminals along the southern border gave him a wide berth when he rode into one of the little towns and went suavely about his business. They knew that he was sober and that death walked with him as a familiar.

A catalogue of his crimes would be as dreary as a section of a city death list. At forty-five years it is doubtful that he could have told the names of his victims or the circumstances of their deaths. Asked once, in friendly spirit, why he killed so many men, he pondered, smiled and said:

"I like to change ghosts."

His old wife was faithful to him and would never admit that he had shed a drop of blood save in self-defense. In her belief, each murder had been forced upon him. She did not know, of course, the number of dead men to his discredit, for there were things he did not tell her, but in endeavoring to recall the affrays within her knowledge she would phrase them in this way, checking off each item upon her knotted fingers:

"Let's see: there's three at Cochina and three buried here and that Wilson at Encinal —white men, I mean—and two below Ysleta and three at Twohig, and the Jacksons, and four near Campbell's store, and the man that rode up to the fence and shot at him when he was unsaddling his horse, and two at old Fort Ewell and one at Catarinas—and he shot a hole through Charlie Smith's ear, but didn't get him—and God knows how many Mexikins in the brush."

This was naive but accurate, so far as it went, and a pretty total of twenty-two "white men" or Americans. As to how these affrays came about, the habitual slayer needs to make few opportunities. They are ready to his hand. Suppose that Maddy sold to some speculator a hundred head of sheep. Next day the purchaser might say:

"Mr. Maddy, I came to say that one of them sheep shows lombriz."

"None of 'em had lombriz when I sold 'em."

"One of 'em has lombriz."

"There was no——"

"Well, I haven't got any lombriz to give 'em and one of 'em's got it."

Just a perceptible lowering of the lids over the hazel eyes, and then:

"P'raps you mean to say that I'm lying?"

"I don't know anything about that, but one of 'em's got lombriz and I——"

The man had many escapes as narrow as that which marked his encounter with the two who tried to kill him in his house. Once he attended a winter "round-up" on Pena Creek. He wore a long blue army overcoat buttoned down the front and under it was his pistol. A thousand cattle were on the prairie and he was a half-mile from his friends. He had butchered a Mexican cowhand three weeks before, and six of this victim's kinsmen closed in on him. One of them knocked him from his horse with a heavy quirt, and as he fell they sprang on him with knives. The whites drove in the spurs and rushed to the rescue, but before they reached him he was erect and his six-shooter was at work. Two of the attacking party fell shot through the head and another went down with a smashed thigh—afterward Maddy explained that one of the Mexicans had struck his arm just as the trigger was pulled. The other three sprang into their saddles and scurried away. Nearby on the ground was the long blue overcoat, not a button broken or unfastened. It lay as if it had been carefully deposited, and it showed still the shape of the small form that had been in it, as a glove shows the shape of a withdrawn hand. The stockmen spent more time discussing this phenomenon than in talk about the dead Mexicans. They concluded that Maddy had been torn from the coat without disturbing its fastenings as a broncho will sometimes buck out of a double-cinched saddle without breaking the girths.

It was characteristic of the desperado's deteriorating moral sense that as he got to be older and his passion for man-killing got greater, his readiness to seek affray increased, just as a drunkard's thirst increases, and his bearing before and after a combat altered. When young he was consistently cool and did not betray excitement, no matter what the chances against him. In later years he revelled in blood for blood's sake. Before snuffing out an opponent's life-flame he became insane—though the insanity did not mar his faultless execution—and this mood lasted for hours afterward. At such times he was not more responsible for his actions than any other madman, and was as dangerous to cross as an unglutted tiger. When

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the mood passed, his skin was pale, his eyes reddened, hands shaky, his movements jerky. He seemed to be recovering from an alcoholic debauch. An example:

There moved to Tordillo Creek, a mile above his home, two Mexicans with their wives. They had an uncouth, worthless tent and a few pots and pans, and belonged to the ordinary, shiftless nomad class which drifts into Texas from the neighboring republic and drifts back again, not especially harmful and not too honest. Maddy rode up the creek a few days afterward and, speaking the Mexican dialect fluently, got down to talk with them. It is not known what they talked about, or in what way the battle started. Sane or crazy, he kept his counsel. Possibly they liked the looks of his horse and accouterments; possibly the old fever came on him. Anyhow, persons visiting the camp later in the day found the two men dead, tightly clutching their revolvers, and the two women dead inside the tent. Meanwhile Maddy had gone to a little town farther up the stream and horrified the loungers in its one store by exhibiting four tongues which he had wrapped in a piece of tent-cloth. Having done this he disappeared for a week. It is not needful to say that the loungers were afraid to arrest him. They regarded him, in fact, as did other residents of the section, as something above or below human.

By way of contrast, it may be said that this carnate slaughter-machine had longings for a better life. Most he wanted education, and for the man who had it he felt an almost childish respect. At odd hours he would take a Spencerian copy-book and laboriously trace such aphorisms as "Competition is the Life of Trade," "Many Men Are of Many Minds," "Perseverance and Probity Are Pleasing," "Dare to Be a Daniel, a Daniel Dare to Be." A drunken Princetonian graduate named Kinglake passed his days with a few hundreds of sheep on the upper edge of Webb County, and Maddy would ride twenty miles to hear him talk. It was odd to see him, docile, attentive, admiring, while Kinglake, glad of the chance to unlimber his tongue, solved geometrical problems on the sand, or gravely weighed the merits of the Locke and Hobbes systems of philosophy, or spouted Horace and Homer. There was a rare grotesqueness about it, and it was evidence of the trueness of the man-killer's ear that he preferred the Greek to the Latin, not in the least understanding either. As the sonorous, marching syllables rolled out and ceased he would say gently:

"Ah, that's it; that's man's talk! Come and see me when you're tired of the sheep; stay as long as you like; bring some books, too. *Adios!*"

The ending of him was in consonance with his life. The old wife died and he moved into an adjoining county. There, at sixty-five years, he married a widow of thirty, blooming and immoral. She was unfaithful, and he was last to know it. Certainly some woman told him, because no man would have dared. He went home to his house near the dusk of a summer evening, greeted the second Mrs. Maddy pleasantly and asked her to stroll with him. Together they passed through the little town, chatting, and sauntered down the road which elbowed to the right a half-mile away. There, when the dark had fallen, he killed her and killed himself, leaving no note or word of explanation. It is not often that a man sixty-five years old is so wrought by jealousy.

This was a destroyer of his kind who had slain not less than fifty men. He made no boast of it; did not talk of it; did not notch the stock of his Winchester or the handle of his revolver. He despised liquor and had an inherited distaste for tobacco. He liked music and flowers. He was never known to utter an obscene word. He never lied, never swore out a warrant for any one, never stood trial. The winner of a half-hundred affrays, the bullet self-sent was the only one which touched him. He did not bear upon his body a scar as serious as a pin-scratch.

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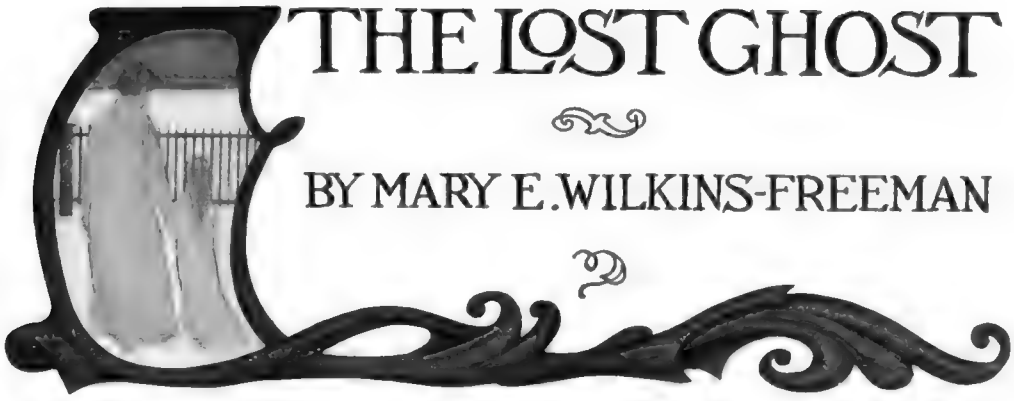

THE LOST GHOST

BY MARY E. WILKINS-FREEMAN

MRS. JOHN EMERSON, sitting with her needlework beside the window, looked out and saw Mrs. Rhoda Meserve coming down the street. She rose hurriedly, ran into the cold parlor and brought out one of the best rocking-chairs. She was just in time, after drawing it up beside the opposite window, to greet her friend at the door.

"Good-afternoon," said she. "I declare, I'm real glad to see you. I've been alone all day. John went to the city this morning. I thought of coming over to your house this afternoon, but I couldn't bring my sewing very well. I am putting the ruffles on my new black dress skirt."

Mrs. Meserve settled herself in the parlor rocking-chair, while Mrs. Emerson carried her shawl and hat into the little adjoining bedroom. When she returned Mrs. Meserve was rocking peacefully and was already at work hooking blue wool in and out.

"Well, that's pretty work," said Mrs. Emerson, sitting down at the opposite window and taking up her dress skirt.

"Yes, it is real pretty work. I just *love* to crochet."

The two women rocked and sewed and crocheted in silence for two or three minutes.

"Well, what's the news?" said Mrs. Emerson presently.

"Well, I have got some news," said Mrs. Meserve. "Simon came home with it this noon. The old Sargent place is let."

Mrs. Emerson dropped her sewing and stared.

"Who to?"

"Why, some folks from Boston. The man has got considerable property. He's got a wife and his unmarried sister in the family. The sister's got money, too. He does business in Boston. You know the old Sargent house is a splendid place."

"Yes, it's the handsomest house in town, but——"

"Oh, Simon said they told him about that and he just laughed. Said he wasn't afraid and neither was his wife and sister. Said he'd risk the ghosts rather than little tucked-up sleeping-rooms without any sun, like they've had in the Dayton house."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Emerson, "it is a beautiful house, and maybe there isn't anything in those stories."

"Nothing in creation would hire me to go into a house that I'd ever heard a word against of that kind," declared Mrs. Meserve with emphasis. "I've seen enough of haunted houses to last me as long as I live."

Mrs. Emerson's face acquired the expression of a hunting hound.

"Have you?" she asked in an intense whisper.

"Yes, before I was married; when I was quite a girl."

Mrs. Meserve hooked up another loop of blue wool. Then she began:

"Of course, I ain't going to say positively that I believe or disbelieve in ghosts, but all I tell you is what I saw. It happened before I was married, when I was a girl and lived in East Wilmington. It was the first year I lived there. You know my family all died five years before that. I told you."

Mrs. Emerson nodded.

"Well, I went there to teach school, and I went to board with a Mrs. Amelia Dennison and her sister, Mrs. Bird. Abby, her name was; Abby Bird. She was a widow; she had

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never had any children. She had a little money—Mrs. Dennison didn't have any—and she had come to East Wilmington and bought the house they lived in. It was a real pretty house, though it was very old and run down. It had cost Mrs. Bird a good deal to put it in order. I guess that was the reason they took me to board. I thought I was pretty lucky to get in there. I had a nice room, big and sunny and furnished pretty, the paper and paint all new, and everything as neat as wax. I had been there about three weeks before I found it out. I went there in September. I begun my school the first Monday. I remember it was a real cold fall; there was a frost the middle of September, and I had to put on my winter coat. I remember when I came home that night (let me see, I began school on a Monday, and that was two weeks from the next Thursday), I took off my coat downstairs and laid it on the table in the front entry. It was a real nice coat, heavy black broadcloth trimmed with fur; I had had it the winter before.

"Well, though it was hardly the middle of September, it was a real cold night. There was a fire in my little wood-stove. Mrs. Bird made it, I know. She was a real motherly sort of woman; she always seemed to be the happiest when she was doing something to make other folks happy and comfortable.

"Well, that night I sat down beside my nice little fire and ate an apple. There was a plate of nice early apples on my table. Mrs. Bird put them there. I was having a beautiful time, and thinking how lucky I was to have got board in such a place with such nice folks, when I heard a queer little sound at my door. It was such a little hesitating sort of sound that it sounded more like a fumble than a knock, as if some one very timid, with very little hands, was feeling along the door, not quite daring to knock. I said, 'Come in.'

"But nobody came in, and then presently I heard the knock again. Then I got up and opened the door, thinking it was very queer, and I had a frightened feeling without knowing why.

"Well, I opened the door, and the first thing I noticed was a draught of cold air, as if the front door downstairs was open, but there was a strange close smell about the cold draught. It smelled more like a cellar that had been shut up for years, than out-of-doors. Then I saw something. I saw my coat first; the thing that held it was so small that I couldn't see much of anything else. Then I saw a little white face with eyes so scared and wistful that they seemed as if they might eat a hole in anybody's heart. It was a dreadful little face, with something about it which made it different from any other face on earth, but it was so pitiful that somehow it did away a good deal with the dreadfulness. And there were two little hands, spotted purple with the cold, holding up my winter coat, and a strange little far-away voice said, 'I want my mother.'

"'For Heaven's sake,' I said, 'who are you?'

"Then the little voice said again, 'I want my mother.'

"All the time I could smell the cold and I saw that it was about the child; that cold was clinging to her as if she had come out of some deadly cold place. Well, I took my coat, I did not know what else to do, and the cold was clinging to that. It was as cold as if it had come off ice. When I had the coat I could see the child more plainly. She was dressed in one little white garment. I could see dimly through it her little thin body mottled purple with the cold. Her face did not look so cold; that was a clear waxen white. Her hair was dark, but it looked as if it might be dark only because it was so damp, almost wet, and might really be light hair. It clung very close to her forehead, which was round and white. She would have been very beautiful if she had not been so dreadful.

"Then she went away. She did not seem to run or walk like other children. She flitted, like one of those little filmy white butterflies, that don't seem like real ones they are so light, and move as if they had no weight.

"Well, I thought for a moment I should faint away. The room got dark and I heard a singing in my ears. Then I stood in my door, and called first Mrs. Bird and then Mrs. Dennison. It seemed to me I should go mad if I didn't see somebody or something like other folks on the face of the earth. I thought I should never make anybody hear, but I could hear them stepping about downstairs, and I could smell biscuits baking for supper. Somehow the smell of those biscuits seemed the only natural thing left to keep me in my right mind. Finally I heard the entry door open and Mrs. Bird called back:

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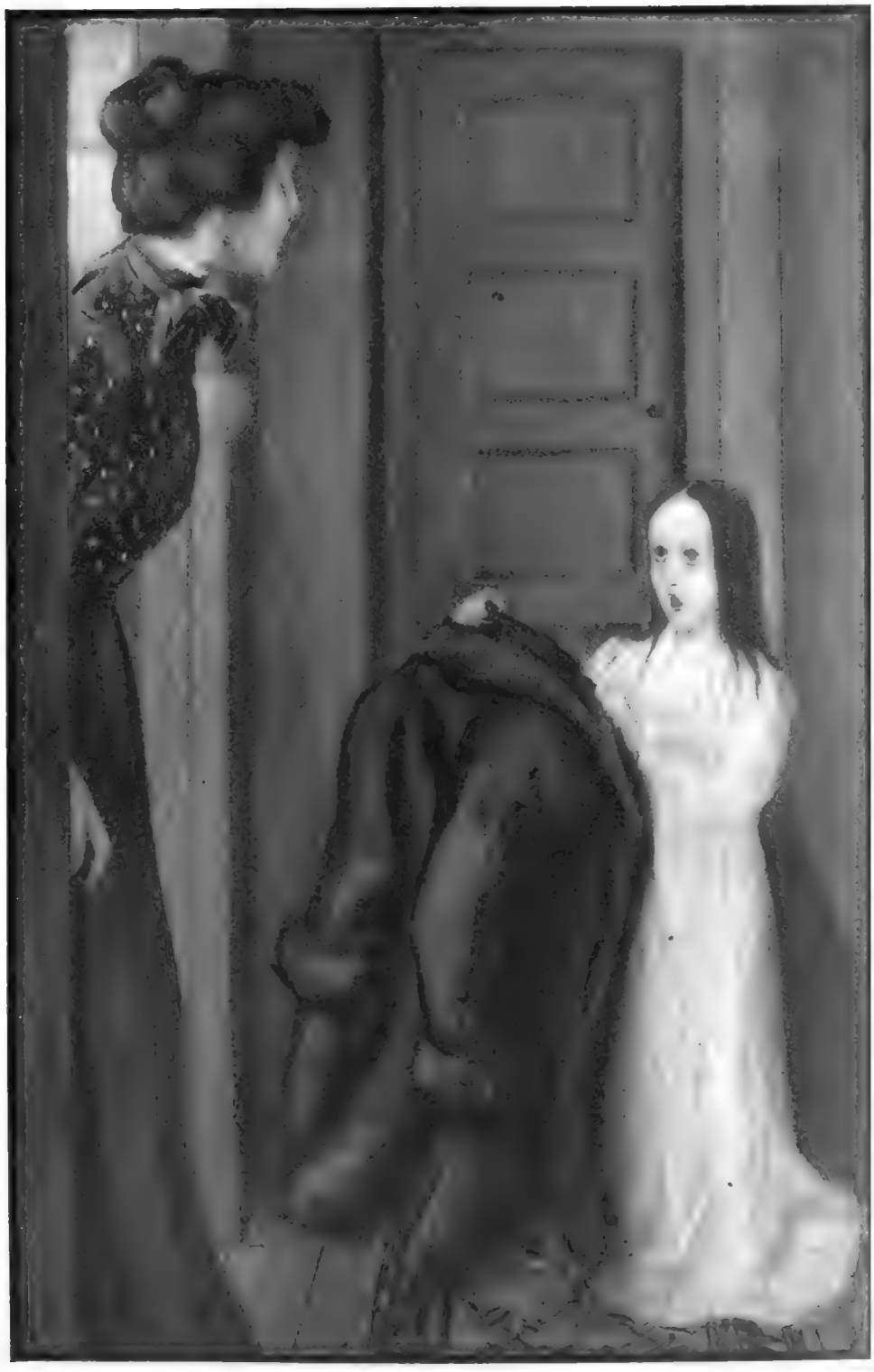

"A STRANGE LITTLE FAR-AWAY VOICE SAID, 'I WANT MY MOTHER.'"

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" 'What is it? Did you call, Miss Arms?'

" 'Come up here; come up here as quick as you can, both of you,' I screamed out; 'quick, quick, quick!'

"I heard Mrs. Bird tell Mrs. Dennison: 'Come quick, Amelia, something is the matter in Miss Arms's room.' It struck me even then that she expressed herself rather queerly, and it struck me as very queer, indeed, when they both got upstairs and I saw that they knew what had happened.

" 'What is it, dear?' asked Mrs. Bird, and her pretty, loving voice had a strained sound.

" 'For Heaven's sake,' says I, and I never spoke so before—'for Heaven's sake, what was it brought my coat upstairs?'

" 'What was it like?' asked Mrs. Dennison in a sort of failing voice, and she looked at her sister and her sister looked back at her.

" 'It was a child I have never seen here before. It looked like a child,' says I, 'but I never saw a child so dreadful, and it had on a nightgown, and said she wanted her mother. Who was it? What was it?'

"I thought for a minute Mrs. Dennison was going to faint, but Mrs. Bird hung onto her and rubbed her hands, and whispered in her ear (she had the cooingest kind of voice), and I ran and got her a glass of cold water. I tell you it took considerable courage to go downstairs alone, but they had set a lamp on the entry table so I could see. I don't believe I could have spunked up enough to have gone downstairs in the dark, thinking every second that child might be close to me. The lamp and the smell of the biscuits baking seemed to sort of keep my courage up, but I tell you I didn't waste much time going down those stairs, and out into the kitchen for a glass of water. I pumped as if the house was afire, and I grabbed the first thing I came across in the shape of a tumbler: it was a painted one that Mrs. Dennison's Sunday-school class gave her, and it was meant for a flower vase.

"Well, I filled it and I ran upstairs. I felt every minute as if something would catch my feet, and I held the glass to Mrs. Dennison's lips, while Mrs. Bird held her head up, and she took a good long swallow; then she looked hard at the tumbler.

" 'Yes,' says I, 'I know I got this one, but I took the first I came across, and it isn't hurt a mite.'

" 'Don't get the painted flowers wet,' says Mrs. Dennison very feebly, 'they'll wash off.'

" 'I'll be real careful,' says I. I knew she set a sight by that painted tumbler.

"The water seemed to do Mrs. Dennison good, for presently she pushed Mrs. Bird away and sat up. She had been laying down on my bed.

"She slid off the bed, and walked sort of tottery to a chair. 'I was silly to give way so,' says she.

" 'No, you warn't silly, sister,' says Mrs. Bird. 'I don't know what this means any more than you do, but whatever it is, no one ought to be called silly for being overcome by anything so different from other things which we have known all our lives.'

"Mrs. Dennison looked at her sister, then she looked at me, then back at her sister again, and Mrs. Bird spoke as if she had been asked a question.

" 'Yes,' says she, 'I do think Miss Arms ought to be told—that is, I think she ought to be told all we know ourselves.'

" 'That isn't much,' said Mrs. Dennison with a dying away sort of sigh.

" 'No, there isn't much we do know,' says Mrs. Bird, 'but what little there is she ought to know. I felt as if she ought to when she first came here.'

" 'Well, I didn't feel quite right about it,' said Mrs. Dennison, 'but I kept hoping it might stop, and anyway, that it might never trouble her, and you had put so much in the house, and we needed the money.'

" 'And aside from the money, we were very anxious to have you come, my dear,' says Mrs. Bird.

" 'Yes,' says Mrs. Dennison, 'we wanted the young company in the house; we were lonesome, and we both of us took a great liking to you the minute we set eyes on you.'

"And I guess they meant what they said, both of them. They were beautiful women, and nobody could be any kinder to me than they were, and I never blamed them for not telling me before, and as they said, there wasn't really much to tell.

"They hadn't any sooner fairly bought the house, and moved into it, than they began to see and hear things. Mrs. Bird said they were sitting together in the sitting-room one evening when they heard it the first time. She said her sister was knitting lace and she was reading the *Missionary Herald* (Mrs. Bird was very much interested in mission work), when all of a sudden they heard something. She heard it first and she laid down her *Missionary Herald* and listened,

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and then Mrs. Dennison she saw her listening and she drops her lace. 'What is it you are listening to, Abby?' says she. Then it came again and they both heard, and the cold shivers went down their backs to hear it, though they didn't know why. 'It's the cat, isn't it?' says Mrs. Bird.

" 'It isn't any cat,' says Mrs. Dennison.

" 'Oh, I guess it *must* be the cat; maybe she's got a mouse,' says Mrs. Bird, real cheerful, to calm down Mrs. Dennison, for she saw she was 'most scared to death, and she was always afraid of her fainting away. Then she opens the door, and calls, 'Kitty kitty, kitty.' They had brought their cat with them in a basket when they came to East Wilmington to live. It was a real handsome tiger cat, a tommy, and he knew a lot.

"Well, she called 'Kitty, kitty, kitty,' and sure enough the kitty came, and when he came in the door he gave a big yawl that didn't sound unlike what they had heard.

"But Mrs. Dennison, she eyed the cat, and she gave a great screech.

" 'What's that? What's that?' says she.

" 'What's what?' says Mrs. Bird, pretending to herself that she didn't see what her sister meant.

" 'Somethin's got hold of that cat's tail,' says Mrs. Dennison—'somethin's got hold of his tail. It's pulled straight out, an' he can't get away. Just hear him yawl!'

" 'It isn't anything,' says Mrs. Bird, but even as she said that she could see a little hand holding fast to that cat's tail, and then the child seemed to sort of clear out of the dimness behind the hand, and the child was sort of laughing then, instead of looking sad. She said that laugh was the most awful and the saddest thing she ever heard.

"Well, she was so dumfounded that she didn't know what to do, and she couldn't sense at first that it was anything supernatural. She thought it must be one of the neighbor's children who had run away and was making free of their house, and was teasing their cat. So she speaks up sort of sharp.

" 'Don't you know that you mustn't pull the kitty's tail?' says she. 'Don't you know you hurt the poor kitty, and she'll scratch you if you don't take care. Poor kitty, you mustn't hurt her.'

"And with that she said the child stopped pulling that cat's tail and went to stroking her just as soft and pitiful, and the cat put his back up and rubbed and purred as if he liked it. The cat never seemed a mite afraid, and that seemed queer, for I had always heard that animals were dreadfully afraid of ghosts; but then, that was a pretty harmless little sort of ghost.

"Well, Mrs. Bird said the child stroked that cat, while she and Mrs. Dennison stood watching it, and holding onto each other; for, no matter how hard they tried to think it was all right, it didn't look right. Finally Mrs. Dennison she spoke.

" 'What's your name, little girl?' says she.

"Then the child looks up and stops stroking the cat, and says she wants her mother, just the way she said it to me. Then Mrs. Dennison she gave such a gasp that Mrs. Bird thought she was going to faint away, but she didn't. 'Well, who is your mother?' says she. But the child just says again 'I want my mother—I want my mother.'

" 'Where do you live, dear?' says Mrs. Bird.

" 'I want my mother,' says the child.

" Everything she would say was, 'I want my mother.'

"Then Mrs. Bird tried to catch hold of the child, for she thought in spite of what she saw that perhaps she was nervous and it was a real child, only perhaps not quite right in its head, that had run away in her little nightgown after she had been put to bed.

"She tried to catch the child; she had an idea of putting a shawl around it and going out—she was such a little thing she could have carried her easy enough—and trying to find out to which of the neighbors she belonged. But the minute she moved toward the child there wasn't any child there; there was only that little voice seeming to come from nothing, saying, 'I want my mother,' and presently that died away.

" Well, that same thing kept happening, or something very much the same. They never knew when they should come across that child, and always she kept saying over and over that she wanted her mother. They never tried talking to her, except once in a while Mrs. Bird would get desperate and ask her something, but the child never seemed to hear it; she always kept right on saying that she wanted her mother.

"After they had told me all they had to tell about their experience with the child,

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they told me about the house and the people that had lived there before they did. It seemed something dreadful had happened in that house. And the land agent had never let on to them. I don't think they would have bought it if he had,no matter how cheap it was, for even if folks aren't really afraid of anything, they don't want to live in houses where such dreadful things have happened that you keep thinking about them. I know after they told me I should never have stayed there another night if I hadn't thought so much of them, no matter how comfortable I was made, and I never was nervous either. But I stayed. Of course, it didn't happen in my room. If it had I could not have stayed."

"What was it?" asked Mrs. Emerson in an awed voice.

"It was an awful thing. That child had lived in the house with her father and mother two years before. They had come, or the father had, from a real good family. He had a good situation, he was a drummer for a big leather house in the city, and they lived real pretty, with plenty to do with. But the mother was a real wicked woman. She was as handsome as a picture, and they said she came from good sort of people enough in Boston, but she was bad clean through, though she was real pretty spoken, and 'most everybody liked her. She used to dress out and make a great show, and she never seemed to take much interest in the child, and folk began to say she wasn't treated right.

"The woman had a hard time keeping a girl. For some reason one wouldn't stay. They would leave and then talk about her awfully—tell all kinds of things. People didn't believe it at first; then they began to. They said that the woman made that little thing, though she wasn't much over five years old, and small and babyish for her age, do most all of the work. They said they'd seen her carrying in sticks of wood 'most as big as she was many a time, and they'd heard her mother scolding her. The woman was a fine singer, and had a voice like a screech-owl when she scolded.

"The father was away most of the time, and when that happened he had been away out West for some weeks. There had been a married man hanging about the mother for some time, and folks had talked some; but they weren't sure there was anything wrong, and he was a man very high up, with money, so they kept pretty still for fear he would hear of it and make trouble for them; and of course nobody was sure, though folks did say afterward that the father of the child had ought to have been told.

"He set his eyes by his wife, too. They said all he seemed to think of was to earn money to buy things to deck her out in. And he about worshiped the child, too. They said he was a real nice man. The men that are treated so bad mostly are real nice men. I've always noticed that.

"Well, one morning that man that there had been whispers about was missing. He had been gone quite awhile, though, before they really knew that he was missing, because he had gone away and told his wife that he had to go to New York on business and might be gone a week.

"Then folks began to ask where was that woman, and they found out by comparing notes that nobody had seen her since the man went away.

"Well, there was this house shut up, and the man and woman missing, and the child. Then all of a sudden one of the women that lived the nearest remembered something. She remembered that she had waked up three nights running, thinking she heard a child crying somewhere, and once she waked up her husband, but he said it must be the Bisbee's girl, and she thought it must be. The child wasn't well and was always crying. It used to have colic spells, especially at night. So she didn't think any more about it until this came up, then all of a sudden she did think of it. She told what she had heard, and finally folks began to think they had better enter that house and see if there was anything wrong.

"Well, they did enter it, and they found that child dead, locked in one of the rooms. (Mrs. Dennison and Mrs. Bird never used that room; it was a back bedroom on the second floor.)

"Yes, they found that poor child there, starved to death, and frozen, though they weren't sure she had frozen to death, for she was in bed with clothes enough to keep her pretty warm when she was alive. But she had been there a week, and she was nothing but skin and bone.

"Mrs. Dennison said she couldn't really believe that the woman had meant to have her own child starved to death. Probably she thought the little thing would raise

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somebody, or folks would try to get in the house and find her. Well, whatever she thought, there the child was dead.

"But that wasn't all. The father came home, right in the midst of it, the child was just buried, and he was beside himself. And —he went on the track of his wife, and he found her, and he shot her dead; it was in all the papers at the time; then he disappeared. Nothing had been seen of him since. Mrs. Dennison said that she thought he had either made 'way with himself or got out of the country, nobody knew, but they did know there was something wrong with the house."

"I never heard anything like it in my life," said Mrs. Emerson, staring at the other woman with awestruck eyes.

"But that ain't all," said Mrs. Meserve.

"Did you see it again?" Mrs. Emerson asked.

"Yes, I saw it a number of times before the last time. It was lucky I wasn't nervous or I never could have stayed there, much as I liked the place and much as I thought of those two women; they were beautiful women, and no mistake. I loved those women. I hope Mrs. Dennison will come and see me sometime.

"Well, I stayed, and I never knew when I'd see that child. I can't tell you how I dreaded seeing her, and worse than the seeing her was the hearing her say, 'I want my mother.' It was enough to make your blood run cold. I never heard a living child cry for its mother that was anything so pitiful as that dead one. It was enough to break your heart.

"She used to come and say that to Mrs. Bird oftener than any one else. Once I heard Mrs. Bird say she wondered if it was possible that the poor little thing couldn't really find her mother in the other world, she had been such a wicked woman.

"But Mrs. Dennison told her she didn't think she ought to speak so, nor even think so, and Mrs. Bird said she shouldn't wonder if she was right. Mrs. Bird was always very easy to put in the wrong. She was a good woman, and one that couldn't do things enough for other folks. It seemed as if that was what she lived on. I don't think she was ever so scared by that poor little ghost, as much as she pitied it, and she was 'most heart-broken because she couldn't do anything for it, as she could have done for a live child.

"'It seems to me sometimes as if I should die, if I can't get that awful little white robe off that child and get her in some clothes and feed her and stop her wanting her mother,' I heard her say once, and she was in earnest. She cried when she said it. That wasn't long before she died.

"Now I am coming to the strangest part of it all. Mrs. Bird died very sudden. One morning—it was Saturday and there wasn't any school—I went downstairs to breakfast; there was nobody there but Mrs. Dennison. She was pouring out the coffee when I came in.

"'Why, where's Mrs. Bird?' says I.

"'Abby ain't feeling very well this morning,' says she; 'there isn't much the matter, I guess, but she didn't sleep very well, and her head aches, and she's sort of chilly, and I told her I thought she'd better stay in bed till the house gets warm.'

"'Maybe she's got cold,' says I.

"'Yes, I guess she has,' says Mrs. Dennison. 'I guess she's got cold. She'll be up before long. Abby ain't one to stay in bed a minute longer than she can help.'

"Well, we went on eating our breakfast, and all at once a shadow flickered across one wall of the room and over the ceiling, the way a shadow will sometimes when somebody passes the window outside. Mrs. Dennison and I both looked out of the window; then Mrs. Dennison she gives a scream.

"'Why, Abby's crazy,' says she. 'There she is out this bitter cold morning, and—and——' She didn't finish, but she meant the child. For we were both looking out, and we saw, as plain as we ever saw anything in our lives, Mrs. Abby Bird walking off over the white snow-path with that child holding fast to her hand, nestling close to her as if she had found her own mother.

"'She's dead,' says Mrs. Dennison, clutching hold of me hard. 'She's dead; my sister is dead!'

"She was. We hurried upstairs as fast as we could go, and she was dead in her bed, and smiling as if she was dreaming, and one arm and hand was stretched out as if something had hold of it; and it couldn't be straightened even at the last—it lay out over her casket at the funeral."

"Was the child ever seen again?" asked Mrs. Emerson in a shaking voice.

"No," replied Mrs. Meserve, "that child was never seen again after she went out of the yard with Mrs. Bird."

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THE UNEMPLOYED RICH

MR. MANAKIN'S PRECEPTS

By Mary Manners

MR. MANAKIN was an elderly and extremely well-preserved gentleman, with an inherited income, cultivated tastes and a passion for detail. His house was a miracle of cleanliness and convenience, his clothes of perfection in fit and neatness, and the well-ordered pigeonholes of his mind were filled with an assortment of carefully docketed little facts and deductions, of which he greatly feared the disarrangement. It was, perhaps, for this reason that he had never married.

His nature was not inclined toward independence, and long habit had induced in him a respect for the opinions of the people among whom he lived; a respect almost amounting to reverence. "Society" meant not only friends, but family and occupation to Mr. Manakin. He was happy in its smiles, interested in its secrets, busy with its entertainments. He admired its beauties, applauded its wits, regarded its black sheep with leniency, and invited from ten to fourteen of its eminent persons to dinner once a week.

He attached great importance to these functions, and devoted so much care to the superintendence of every detail that they gradually acquired a certain celebrity in that social world where he, himself, had come to be regarded as an institution of some consequence.

His neat little alert figure, pinkish face and smooth white hair were to be seen everywhere. Men consulted him with deference on the subject of claret, port and cigars. He was on the governing committee of every club to which he belonged. Tearful mothers besought his assistance when their daughters held obstinate opinions about ineligible suitors. Young matrons challenged his criticism of their dress and deportment; and among them all Mr. Manakin hummed and buzzed like a bee, contenting himself with the pleasures he gathered from hour to hour of his little, stupid, sunny existence. According to his lights, his life was an eminently well-arranged and satisfactory one, and, as he often observed, he hardly had an unoccupied moment.

Mr. Manakin was well served. He kept his servants for years. Bangs, the butler, had been in his employ for a greater length of time than either cared to remember; and a confidence not far short of friendship existed between them. It was, therefore, no surprise to that worthy servitor when, on taking up his master's letters one morning, he found himself stayed in departure by the exclamation: "Upon my word, Bangs, I really should like to know what we are going to do about this!"

Conscious that the grocer's bill—which he had noticed among the contents of the morning's mail—seemed thicker than usual, Bangs prepared himself with excuse and condolence.

"Eggs is unusual high this month, sir," he observed.

"What the deuce are you talking about?" cried Mr. Manakin, testily, darting a quick, querulous look at him over the eye-glasses which clipped the delicate bridge of his nose. "What have eggs got to do with it? Except that, as I have frequently observed to you, Bangs, an undue consumption of them in the servants' hall leads to biliousness and bad temper. I wish you'd bear it in mind. But that's not what I wanted to say to you. It seems," and here Mr. Manakin's eyes sought for a particular sentence in the letter he had been reading. "It seems that my nephew, Mr. Paul Ranger, is coming to New York almost immediately."

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"Dear me, sir!" exclaimed Bangs, with just the proper mixture of astonishment and interest. "You don't say so!"

"In this letter," continued Mr. Manakin, "he speaks of going to a hotel. I suppose I could hardly permit that. Now, I wonder if I should be very much disturbed. Mr. Paul has spent most of his life on a ranch, you see, and the manners and customs of ranch life must of necessity be very different to ours, you understand—more untrammelled, more independent, ahem, freer—— But it's got to be done, of course. I shall telegraph at once, inviting him to stay here," and Mr. Manakin devoted a gusty little sigh to the exigencies of kinship.

He looked forward with no slight dread to this coming disturbance of his peaceful, petty, everyday life. A product of the pathless prairies was something unknown in his philosophy, save through the medium of Mr. Remington's pictures or Buffalo Bill's stirring performances, and while he did not believe that his nephew would present himself "bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste," he was uncomfortably certain that a wild western atmosphere *must* surround that young gentleman — an atmosphere likely to cause quiet, elderly persons many a fit of sneezing.

Paul Ranger's mother had been, as Mary Manakin, the shyest, gentlest violet of a girl that ever stood five feet nothing in her high-heeled shoes, or looked at one timorously from under arched eyebrows. It followed, naturally, that she had fallen in love with, what her brother called, a "great hullabaloo of a fellow"; a splendid, bull-necked, broad-shouldered giant, who picked her up and whisked her off to Montana before her outraged relations could find words half strong enough to express their dismay. She still wrote to her brother from time to time, but her letters gave little more than the outline of her life, and she never returned to the East. This coming of her son was the most intimate thing that had occurred between them for twenty-four years.

Paul arrived at about half-past seven one evening and was received with due ceremony by his uncle, who had been walking nervously up and down the room, looking out of the window, for the better part of an hour.

Mr. Manakin surveyed his guest with eager interest. He was very tall and rather thin. He had a pair of amazingly blue eyes in a calm brown countenance, his hair was black, crisp and curly, and he spoke with a slow, gentle drawl, most unexpected and engaging.

"It's awfully good in you to put me up, sir," he said. "It's bound to be a nuisance to you, I'm afraid."

"Not at all," answered Mr. Manakin, bravely controlling a desire to dash upstairs and see that the ascending trunks were taken out of the lift without scratching the newly painted halls. "I was exceedingly anxious to see you—— I hope Bangs is looking after the baggage. Did you give him your key? We dine at eight. I find it more convenient. Most people dine at that hour, and my gastronomic apparatus has become accustomed to it. Don't dress unless you feel like it. We shall be alone."

"Thank you; I'd rather, if I've got the time," answered the young man. "Two flights up, back? I'll find my way; don't you trouble," and he disappeared.

MR. MANAKIN.

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Mr. Manakin experienced a distinct sense of relief. This lean, long, lazy-looking person did not in the least resemble Mr. Remington's cowboys. He could not imagine him astride of a bucking broncho, lassoing horned beasts. On the contrary, a very different vision rose before his mind's eye. He saw his nephew's tall figure standing out from the crowd of middle-sized black coats at a ballroom door, or transfixed, like a very Saint Sebastian, with the wandering darts of beauties' eyes at the opera.

Mr. Manakin registered a vow to launch him forthwith in the Very Best Society; so having, as propriety demanded, first disposed of the more urgent family inquiries, he boldly approached the subject at dinner the same evening.

"My dear Paul," he said, "we must see about getting you some invitations. There are several good things ahead, I am happy to say. A really fine concert at the Silvergilts', and a magnificent fancy ball at the young Glasshouses'. For others there might be some difficulty, but they will be only too glad to ask *you*, both as yourself and as my nephew."

Paul smiled, and the white flash of his teeth made an agreeable contrast to the warm brown of his face.

"It's very kind of you to think of it," he said, "but my stay here must necessarily be such a short one—the business I am arranging for my father will occupy so little time—that it seems hardly worth while to put these estimable people in a flutter on my account."

Mr. Manakin rather resented the suggestion that the estimable people in question *could* be put "in a flutter." It was *provincial* to take anything, from the beginning to the end of life, otherwise than calmly.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed, "it puts me under no obligation to them. The thing is constantly done. I have only to let them know you are with me and the invitations will follow as a matter of course. You are an exceedingly creditable specimen, let me tell you, and any entertainment would benefit by your presence."

The young man laughed outright.

"I'm flattered beyond belief, I assure you. But then the question suggests itself, should *I* benefit by the entertainment? I know practically nobody here who would be in the least interested in me."

"*I* should introduce you to all the people whom it would be an advantage to you to meet," said his uncle solemnly.

"But think how desperately I'd feel when I was torn from their company again," observed Paul, with equal gravity.

Mr. Manakin, whose sense of humor was of a timid, rabbit-like quality, looked puzzled and a little shocked.

"Believe me, you will be doing yourself a serious injury if you neglect any opportunity of seeing life—the life and society of a great city like this. The acquaintance of its best people, the knowledge of its manners and customs, its arts and sciences, are all part of a position which should be yours by right, and of which you have been unfortunately deprived. Stay with me, Paul. Spend the rest of the winter with me. Go into business here, if you like—I have influence in certain high places—and I guarantee that by the spring you will be one of the most successful young men about town. I hadn't half your advantages," continued Mr. Manakin. "I had no one to push me as I will push you, and look at me!"

His nephew did look at him very quizzically from between half-shut eyelids.

"You are perfectly contented, aren't you?" he said. "That's more than one can say of most men. But I'm afraid the ways of cities wouldn't suit me. There's too much of my father's blood in my veins. I love the life out there. Every man stands for himself, as bad or as good as he makes himself, without help or hindrance. There is no patronage, no jealousy. There is width and space and freedom, air to breathe, miles to ride over, your own land to keep with your own hand—sometimes your life as well. By Heaven!" cried Paul, suddenly rising, for dinner was now ended and coffee put upon the table, "I can't do anything else and I don't want to; but give me my cowpony and rope, and the wildest steer in Montana can give me all the fun I want!"

He strode up and down the room with long swaggering strides, his shoulders back, his head erect, his nostrils dilated.

"Oh," he cried, giving himself a little shake, "how long it seems already since I left there!"

Mr. Manakin gasped:

"Dear me, what a very odd sort of life to find pleasure in."

Paul stopped walking and relapsed into his accustomed sleepiness of demeanor.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "What do

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people find most interesting everywhere—work, excitement, play, adventure—one has all these in perfection."

"But no society!" interrupted his uncle, loftily, "and no friends—associates, if you will, but no friends. Now, that's what I value most in my life—the people with whom I have become intimate through a community of tastes."

"We are not entirely without community of tastes where I come from," said his nephew, laughing, "and the sharing of hardship and danger is no bad test of a friend."

"Thank goodness, we don't have to test them like that here!" ejaculated Mr. Manakin. "I know my friends without having to stand myself, or have them stand, in jeopardy every hour. But it's picturesque, undoubtedly picturesque, that life—to talk about, I mean—especially since the introduction of 'The Virginian.' I've not read it myself, but they tell me that every cowboy is a hero now. I doubt, though, if you'd ever find another eastern woman as complacent as your mother."

"Very likely not," answered Paul, dreamily, his memory recalling a vision of marvellous womanhood, seen for an all-too-brief space of time while she stayed her flight toward the rising sun for a few days at her brother's ranch. "Very likely not, but as I am not here in seach of a wife, it doesn't make much difference."

"I most earnestly wish you were," said his uncle, "and I would do my best to further your interests in all ways—social, matrimonial and financial. If you would only swear to cast in your lot with me, Paul, and take to civilization," he added slyly, "I'd put you next to the prettiest girl in town at my dinner on Thursday night."

"If you do, I'll try my best to carry her off to the West—where my ladylove will have to live—and that no later than Friday morning," declared his nephew, threateningly.

"You are surely not going on Friday, Paul?"

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, Uncle Richard."

"This will never do," cried Mr. Manakin, leading the way out of the dining-room.

And as the days went by he felt more and more that it wouldn't do. The young man exercised a curious fascination over him. He could hardly bear to have him out of his sight, and, while he affected the greatest horror of all the details of ranch life, he inveigled Paul again and again into giving him its most minute particulars; and at every anecdote of adventure he thrilled and shuddered as the good little lad in the chimney corner shudders at the delicious perils and pastimes of "Cosmo, the Boy Pirate."

All the vague dreams and possibilities of his own unhazardous boyhood seemed to take form and substance as he listened; but he never failed to assure Paul that the scenes and characters he described were rough and unsophisticated in the extreme, and that anybody who deliberately elected to spend his life among them *must* be a savage.

As the end of the week drew near his entreaties that his nephew should prolong his stay became almost pathetic.

"You've seen nothing, you've been nowhere, you've met nobody! I can't reconcile it to my conscience to allow you to return in your present state of unregeneracy."

"Why, I rather inferred that I was to meet the best possible selection of the smartest possible people here on Thursday night, to say nothing of that pretty girl, whose name, by the way, you omitted to mention," said Paul. "Won't that do?"

"But what is the good of it all, if you persist in going away on Friday," exclaimed his uncle, peevishly.

"Ah, that's what I said in the beginning," replied the young man.

Mr. Manakin's vexation did not prevent his paying his usual careful attention to the arrangements for his dinner party. Bangs was severely reprimanded for not having secured what his master considered a sufficent quantity of orchids for the decoration of the table. Mr. Manakin fussed a good deal over the wines, and had solemn interviews with the cook about sauces. He made three different plans for seating the people at the table, and altogether comported himself as if the fate of nations hung upon the nice adjustment of a name.

Paul lagging lazily up the red-carpeted stairs on his way to dress, wondered whether his uncle could really find any amusement in this sort of thing to repay him for the trouble.

Half an hour later, fully arrayed but for his coat, he had sunk into an easy chair and a reverie before the fire, when he was suddenly roused by the shrill voice of Bangs almost at his ear.

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Mr. Manakin, it appeared, had been seized with some strange illness while dressing. The butler had found him lying on the sofa in his room, speechless with pain. The doctor had been telephoned for and had just arrived, bringing a nurse with him.

"Maybe he'll tell you more, sir, when you see him," he added, dismally.

"*Pseudo angina pectoris*," declared the great man briefly, when Paul at length obtained an interview. "He's in no danger. The worst of the attack is over. But

"THEY TALKED WITH EARNEST EXCLUSIVENESS."

"What does he say?" asked Paul, hurling himself into his coat.

"He don't say nothing to me, sir," said Bangs, shaking his head and a tear from the tip of his nose at the same minute—for he was an affectionate fellow and his emotions had been on the stretch for some time.

of course he must be kept perfectly quiet."

At this instant there began to be sharp peals of the bell, the front door was constantly opened and shut, and from the hall below arose a sound of voices and rustling of petticoats.

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"Good gracious!" cried Paul. "There are people dining here to-night. What shall we do about it?"

"Do? Why, let them come, I suppose," answered the doctor, peering owlishly over the banisters through his enormous round eye-glasses. "It's too late to stop it, and he's in no condition to notice anything. There's Mrs. Beldame—a wonderful old woman! She's always amusing—— You'd better go down and explain. I'll join you in a few minutes, if you'll allow me. I was summoned away from dinner at my own house, and I'm exceedingly hungry. You have a vacant place to fill and so have I."

The doctor disappeared, patting his white waistcoat, and Paul descended.

How he managed to account to these strange, gay, glittering, loudly talking people for his uncle's absence and his own presence he never knew; but he judged that he had at least made himself intelligible when he heard the old lady whom the doctor had called Mrs. Beldame saying to the person next her that she "would have known that young man anywhere for Ranger's son—and for her part they might say what they liked—but she believed that this attack of Manakin's had been brought on by too good living, my dear."

While an old gentleman with a ponderous nose remarked slyly that he "pitied Manakin for being deprived of his own good cheer," and seemed immensely pleased with himself for waggishness.

Paul hastily distracted his attention, for Bangs, still somewhat tremulous, was announcing dinner, and he hadn't the ghost of an idea whom he ought to take in. Did he fill his uncle's place, or his own? And where was the "prettiest girl in town?"

And while he hesitated his eyes suddenly beheld a vision—*the* vision, who had stayed her angel flight for a few days at her brother's ranch. She emerged from between two mere women, holding out a kindly hand and saying she was glad to see him again.

"Miss Gordon! Tell me what I'm to do," whispered Paul. "I know—I *know* I was to have taken you in. May I still?"

She shook her head, smiling, and indicated a tall, bejewelled, reddish-haired lady, standing near the door. "Mr. Manakin would take in Mrs. Henry Moncton, she being a stranger and her husband a person of importance."

And, almost before he knew it, Paul found that he had conducted Mrs. Moncton through the length of two drawing-rooms, and was seated between her and Mrs. Beldame, looking across the great round of the orchid-decked table at his new-found divinity. He heartily wished that his uncle had not so many tall silver dishes piled high with fruit and flowers; or such widely branching, lilac-shaded candelabra, to obstruct the view of her.

He never noticed the delicate white and gold of the glass, nor the beauty of the old Dresden china, and he was quite unaware that a footman stood at his elbow, offering thick or clear soup for his selection, till Mrs. Moncton called his attention to the fact.

Mrs. Beldame was picking the bones of an old scandal with a new friend, and the other ten guests appeared to have started an astonishing variety of topics, to judge from the broken sentences which reached his ear.

"Well, of course, you'll pull him through in no time." (This evidently to the doctor.)

"But I don't like his hock action" (From a horsey gentleman to the lady next him).

"And no one could admire green eyes."

"A beastly bore, marriage; but a man must face it."

"Ears like sails and a nose like a beak. You must have seen him."

"And so they parted at the church door? But what I say is, *where* had they been in the habit of meeting?"

He looked again at Miss Gordon, and she smiled at him.

Mrs. Beldame caught the look and the smile and, promptly abandoning her other neighbors, turned to Paul.

"Do you know any of these people?" she demanded.

"No," said Paul.

"Then I'll tell you about them," she said, and proceeded to give their names, characters and occupations, touching on the failures of a prominent broker and the successes of his celebrated wife; the rise of a young playwright and the decline of a middle-aged beauty; the poverty of a smart young aristocrat and the riches of the slim heiress beside him—all with the most impartial malice. When she came to Miss Gordon, she paused.

"That's a beautiful young woman," she observed. "You have met her before?"

"Once—her brother's ranch is near my father's."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Beldame. "I don't advise you to fall in love with her."

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"I'll bear it in mind," replied Paul, gravely.

Although they were at table barely an hour, the banquet appeared to him interminable, the succession of perfectly cooked dishes and marvellous wines endless; and the instant the men joined the women after dinner he flew to his lady's side. In a distant corner of the farthest drawing-room they talked with earnest exclusiveness, until Mrs. Moncton's departure broke up the party; and when Miss Gordon said "Good-night," she softly added: "Then, as you cannot possibly leave your uncle in his present condition, I may hope to see something of you."

The polite regrets expressed by the other guests for Mr. Manakin fell on almost unheeding ears.

A few days later six feet of rather shamefaced manhood lounged into the room where Mr. Manakin, quickly recovering, lay neatly tucked up on the sofa, and thus addressed him:

"Uncle Richard, I begin to think you were right about the roughness and crudity of western life."

"Eh, what's that!" exclaimed Mr. Manakin, hastily shutting his finger into the book he had been reading. "Now, do you know, I begin to think I was wrong. There's a great deal to be said for it—a great deal—and this man says it very well. 'The Virginian' is a powerful book! I don't know when I've enjoyed reading anything so much. That must be a fine country, Paul; and it produces fine characters, undoubtedly. I—I suppose it's all true to life?"

"Oh, yes," said his nephew, absently; "he knows what he's writing about."

"I declare," said Mr. Manakin, with much the same expression of shamefacedness that Paul was so ingenuously displaying, "I should rather like to see for myself. There was a kind of freshness and vitality in the book, and in the stories you used to tell me, that, upon my word, made me think, as I lay here, that it would do me good to be a little closer to Nature, you know—good, rugged human nature—than one can be in towns. Suppose," and here Mr. Manakin looked courageously at his nephew. "Suppose you take me back with you."

"Why—why—to tell you the truth, Uncle Richard," stammered Paul, "I wasn't thinking of going back just yet. If your offer is still open, I should like to stay here."

"Oh, ho," said Mr. Manakin, "for how long, I wonder!"

"Well, if my father will agree, for good," was the astonishing answer. "I want to go into business, as you suggested. I begin to think that a man ought to see more of the civilized world than I've seen, and Geraldine—Miss Gordon, I mean—says she never could make up her mind to live out of New York. She—she didn't like what she saw of ranch life."

"Oh, ho!" cried Mr. Manakin again. "It's come to that, has it, while I've been laid up?"

"Yes," said Paul. "The old life pulls pretty strongly at my heart-strings, but she pulls more strongly still."

"Have you written to your family?" asked his uncle.

"No; I thought I'd better go out and explain," replied the young man, rather ruefully—"see what settlement I could come to with my father about my share of the ranch, you know."

Mr. Manakin reflected for a few minutes.

"I'll go myself," he declared. "You stay here. It was my idea in the beginning, and I'll go and break it to them. But upon my word," he muttered, eagerly, "it seems to me almost too good a life to turn one's back on in a moment. I feel quite adventurous when I read about it," and he was lost among the pages of "The Virginian" before the door shut behind his nephew.

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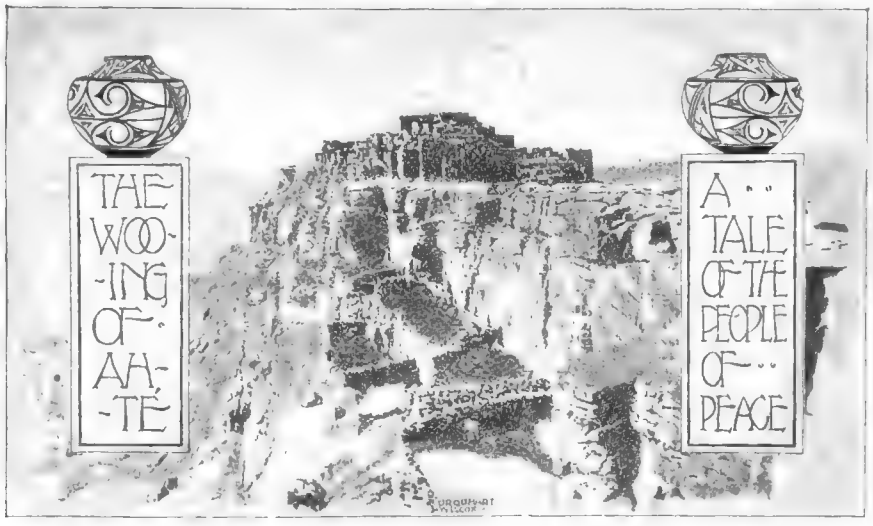

By C. Bryson Taylor.

Illustrated by Urquhart Wilcox.

I.

AH-TE, son of Na-na-hé, the Governor, sat on the ground before the door of his mother and painted a buckskin mask in red and yellow with oil of the seed of pumpkins. His grandmother, Nana, old and small and withered, and very bald, sat just within the entrance of the house, weaving the cotton mantle of her people. The Arizona sun poured down its last fierce rays upon the honeycomb of houses, built tier on tier, irregular, like caves cut in a wall of rock; upon scores of naked children who ran and shouted and swarmed up and down the ladders like flies upon a wall; upon the baked ground of the plaza which on the outward side went to meet the edge of the mesa; upon the accumulated filth and rubbish of generations of departed Moquis. Lines of women, each with an earthen olla upon her shoulder, came and went over the edge of the precipice on the way to or from the springs near the century-old peach orchard below, along trails and staircases cut in the sandstone and worn smooth by prehistoric feet. The hive-shaped ovens in every street and in places upon the roofs of the first tier of houses were all in use. Barefoot women passed to and fro before these, chattering, laughing, scolding. Clouds of children hovered near, eager-eyed, waiting. For it was just the time of sunset, and the evening meal was to be thought of.

From the houses came faint whiffs of smoke, the fragrant aroma of corn roasting. Donkeys, laden with bunches of cedar for fuel, or with loads of corn and melons from the fields six hundred feet below, clambered catlike up the winding trails and crossed the plaza sedately, each in tow of a burly Indian. Men came trooping up from their work in gardens and orchards, their implements in hand. The roll and grind of the *metates*, the stone hand-mills, formed an undertone to the cries of the children, the barking of dogs, the shouts of drovers, the discord of their donkeys. Elsewhere was the first hush of evening, when Nature, like a tired child, draws a long breath and stretches herself for sleep. Here, it was as though this teeming, heedless swarm of humanity pierced a hole in the silence and raised their voices to high heaven. The little community, perched aloft on the mesa's back like an eagle's nest, was a world unto itself, all sufficing. From its height it looked over all the world; over the stretch of the rolling plain into the heart of the sunset. Balancing on the verge of civilization, yet clinging firmly to old religions, old customs, old laws, it stood among the last remnants of a foredoomed race, defying the law of the White Conquerors in the security of its isolation. Yet not so much defying as ignoring. Trade with you, give you, for silver money, of the fruits of their arts and knowledge, yes. But pray with you, adopt

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your manners and morals, give up their well-tried powers of sun and earth and air for the sake of an unknown White God—no!

Ah-té, pausing to dip his brush of rabbit's fur in the small bowl of oil beside him, looked ahead to where the line of women, water-laden, ascended the trail. One came across the plaza toward him, slender as a young doe, supple as a mountain lion. Her dusky arm, raised to steady the olla on her head, gleamed with Navajo bangles of beaten silver. In her free hand she held small sticks, tipped with feathers. She walked swiftly; and as she came she sang softly to herself and her eyes were happy. Far below on the plain a black dot made itself visible, hurrying from the mesa toward the East, where many miles away lay Fort Defiance and the land of the white men. She stopped when she reached Ah-té, and the bracelets tinkled as she set the olla on the ground.

"Thou comest, and may it be happily," he greeted her.

"Your old one, is she within?" she asked.

"Within," Ah-té answered, and called into the house over his shoulder: "Nana! Nah-ee-ya comes!"

Nah-ee-ya passed him and went into the house; and Ah-té, forgetting his task, clasped his hands about his knees and stared out over the plain.

Nana left her loom to kiss the girl. She held her by both arms and looked her over with bleared eyes veiled by the gray film of age.

"Hai-i-i!" she said softly. "Nana is old and very wise. Also Nana was once young and knew the signs and the taste of love. Little sister—" she shook Nah-ee-ya gently—"who of our young men this day loitered by the water's edge?"

Nah-ee-ya hung her head and answered, "None."

Nana chuckled.

"Then it might be a stranger who came? Nana is old and blind, but the eyes of her soul are as the eyes of an eagle. It might be from the East that the stranger came? A stranger, perhaps, with eyes like the sky when the sun is shining, with hair that is brown and curling, who comes on a painted horse?"

"Thou sayest," Nah-ee-ya answered. "But he is no stranger. Even has he been here, grandmother, and traded cloth and shells for silver."

But Nana said:

"Little sister, a stranger I said, and a stranger I say again. Even so; a stranger he is and a stranger he will be. Blind not thyself with looking at the sun, little sister, since the sun is not for thee. Now what hast brought old Nana?"

"What but the prayer-sticks I promised," Nah-ee-ya said; and gave her the small sticks she had brought, painted green and tied crossways with eagle's feathers. These are very holy, and great good will come by their offering. Nana was too blind, by reason of her age, to make these sticks, so that Nah-ee-ya often brought them to her.

"Think of me in the prayers you send, second mother," she said. "It may be that some day I shall need them."

Then she went outside and took her olla and started home, and not at all would notice Ah-té, sitting by the ladder with his mask half-painted by his side.

Now Nana was very old—so old that tottering men remembered seeing her sitting in the sun, bald and bent, and wrinkled as an apple that has shrunk within its skin, and always she had been thus. It was said that she had come from the South, from the country of the Zuñis; and that in the days of the new, which means when time was young, her people had come in the long past even from the Middle Ant Hill of the World, the city which was and is not, which is Old Zuñi. That was "before the time of four grandfathers," or before the fifth generation back; and perhaps even longer. For that ancient city, once pulsing with busy life, lies buried beneath the desert sand so that nothing remains to tell the tale.

So, being full of years, Nana was also full of wisdom. She knew the charm of charms to please the god Oma-ah, Lord of the Clouds and Rain; the words that would drive away the clammy Dead Folk from new-born children; the prayers to pray to As-sun-nut-li, the fair Woman in the Waters of the West, who holds the good crops of corn in the hollow of her hand. Also she knew herbs and medicines for all diseases; and except that she was too old to do more than sit in a heap and think that she was working, she might have outclassed the medicine men in their own field. She could tell tales which had come down from the old ones of the long ago, from father to son and from mother to daughter; tales that were of her own people, the Zuñis, and tales that were of her

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"'THOU COMEST, AND MAY IT BE HAPPILY,' HE GREETED HER."

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adopted people, the Hopi; and tales that had come from no one knew where, like a memory that has been a memory of one's fathers. And in the long winter evenings, when there is no work to be done and the sun grows tired soon, there is but one thing a Moqui likes better than tale-telling, and that is eating. But though Nana was fond of Nah-ee-ya, daughter of Nah-uch-i, the only one she loved in all the world was Ah-té, her grandson. She was held in high esteem by all the people of Hualpi, even though she was dry and wrinkled as a mummy and had no teeth left.

. . . . . .

And Ah-té sat long on the ground before his mother's door and watched a house at the end of the street, where, up on the first terrace, a light of cedar splinters burned through the deepening dusk. For that was where Nah-ee-ya lived, with her old ones; and where Nah-ee-ya was, there was the heart of Ah-té also.

. . . . . .

Soon the last warm breath of the sun faded in the west, and the restless stars strode out. Above the pueblo the sky stretched, blue-black and limitless, pierced with points of fire, which are the burning arrow-tips of those Ancient Ones who dwell beyond the clouds. Below, the plain spread, cloaked in a darkness that was infinite. Lights in the houses glowed redly into the night; at one end of a street a fire had been started, and grotesque shadows danced upon the cliff-like walls of the houses near. Many black figures leaped and tossed themselves to and fro around this fire; dogs howled and circled it, noses to the ground; the scene painted itself broadly in lurid crimson and black. A *shaman* (medicine man) passed, walking solemnly, his rattles of tortoise shell clanking like dry reeds in a wind. He descended the ladder of a subterranean *estufa*, near the Sacred Rock in the northern end of the plaza, and disappeared. Vague forms came and went about their many businesses. Love and hate held each its sway; what went on under the darkness the darkness hid. Soon the figures grew fewer; one by one the lights in the houses flickered and went out. The fire, untended, died down. Darkness reigned; the world was a world of shadows. Presently rose the moon, wan and sickly from the weakness of "new birth." Her pallor but dyed the blackness deeper. The mesa, crowned with its battlement of terraced houses, heaved itself out of the silent plain like a turreted castle. Through the deserted streets of the pueblo bands of dogs hunted and snarled and worried. Midnight settled down on somber wings.

When the turn of the night had come, Ah-té rose from his warm bed of skins and kindled a stick of cedar wood. By the light of this he took clay and wet it and molded the image of a woman. This he placed in a niche in the wall, where the bowl of *cunque*, which is the sacred corn-meal, was wont to stand. He handled it lovingly and whispered, "I name thee Nah-ee-ya;" and to him it was a beautiful and a holy thing. He brought bracelets of beaten silver, and fine mantles, and moccasins as soft as a bird's breast, and sashes, red, green and yellow, and all things that women love, and laid them in a pile before the image. These things he had gathered for Nah-ee-ya's self, for some day he would make of them his bundle and take it to her house and woo her, as maidens should be wooed. Until that time was ripe he offered them, thus, with prayers, to the likeness of his beloved, praying to her spirit that he might find favor in her eyes. He knelt upon the ground and showed the gifts that he had brought and said:

"To-night I bring thee beads of coral and of shell, and garments of fine cotton. For thee, my beloved, my share of the world, that thou mayest go bravely and with smiles among the women. Grant me that I may come into thy house" [a man always goes to live in his wife's house when he marries] "that we may dwell together very happily as the children of the Sun Father were meant to do. I will till much corn and grow good melons; I will fetch much meat both dried and red; I will uphold thee very tenderly and lovingly and be in all things to thee as was thy father to thy mother. I have spoken."

Then he put away all his gifts and bade the soul of the image bear his words to the heart of Nah-ee-ya; and then its mission being over, he broke it up carefully, very small, and went back to bed. And the stars went out, and the east shivered and grew gray; the curtain of night was swept rolling back from the face of the world, and the new day was born.

All the while Nah-ee-ya lay asleep and dreamed of a tall stranger with eyes like the sky, and light-brown hair, who had ridden

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from the mesa, away from the sunset, upon a painted horse.

. . . . . .

Before it was light the pueblo awoke and was busily astir. Children swarmed out of the houses and down the ladders, naked, hungry, entirely happy and ready for what the day might bring. Women, olla laden, trudged down the steep trails to the springs; a smell of cooking tinged the air. Cocks crew and donkeys brayed; voices called across the plaza; the fresh breath of the morning was strong. The sun, red and kindly, shot up behind the mesa; and at his first coming there was a hush. The *Mungwee*, which is to say the Governor, of the pueblo, mounted the roof of the highest house and shouted, and men gathered in the plaza to hear his words.

He bowed himself to the sun, the great All Father, the source of being—a stately man, with the pride of his office upon him—and cried to the people below:

"Hear me, my children, for this day I instruct ye. Much is to be done; masks are to be painted, wands are to be made, much *cunque* is to be made, and many herbs for medicine are to be gathered. Therefore go ye, my children, my young men many, to the fields and to the plains, to the rocks and to the grasses, and get reverently and with care as many of our grandfathers, the snakes, as may be. For after seven suns from to-day will come the night when the Moon mother hath eaten the stars." [This is to say that the moon will be full. Not many stars are to be seen at the time of the full moon, wherefore she hath eaten them and is round.] "Then is the time when we dance with prayers and offerings, beseeching rain for our fields and crops from those Ancient Ones who watch us and guard us and send all bountiful blessings upon our land. So haste ye, my children and my young men and maidens, and prepare all things that are needful. Thus much I instruct ye."

He clambered down the ladder, very breathless, and hurried home to breakfast; and the men in the plaza dispersed.

It should be here explained that an Indian believes firmly that the body of each snake contains the soul of an ancestor, or "old one"; therefore, since the old ones are all-knowing, the serpent is worshiped as full of wisdom and a being to be propitiated. This is a very old belief—so old that no one knows when it originated; but all men will tell you that it is so.

Nomi, the mother of Ah-té, came back from the spring with the five-gallon water-jar upon her head. All her life she had toiled up and down the mesa's side for water, many times a day, with a load that would have made the heart of a white man too big for his body, until she thought no more of the heavy climb than you would of walking on the level floor. She was bent and very ugly, and the nails of her hands were cracked and torn, but she was a good worker, saying little and doing much, and her house had abundant store of food and clothing. She made mush with ground sweet corn and warm milk for Nana, and stew of kid's flesh and onions, and potatoes, which are to be eaten with white clay for a relish. Also she made a lunch for Ah-té of small cakes of corn-meal, mixed with pepper and wild onions, strung through the middle on a string of yucca fiber and baked in the ashes.

So when breakfast was over, Ah-té told old Nana of the commands of the *Mungwee*, his father, that many snakes should be gathered; and she made medicine water, the secret of which she had learned a great while ago, and made him drink and wash himself therein. Then Ah-té took a bag and went into the plaza where all the young men of the pueblo were assembled. Here the *Mungwee* and the medicine men divided them into squads, and ordered one squad to the north, another to the south, a third to the east and a fourth to the west. All the young men were stripped as for a race and carried bags; and very straight and strong they looked, with their smooth skins shining like satin because of the medicine with which they had washed themselves. When they were ready for the start, Toh-chi, the head *shaman*, blessed them and marked the form of a serpent upon the forehead of each with his finger dipped in the sacred *cunque*, that they might have good fortune and bring back many snakes. All the young women drew around to see them off, and dogs barked and children shouted, and the sun streamed down brightly and it was very gay. Ah-té, when he had been blessed, looked about among the women until he saw Nah-ee-ya, attired as though for a dance, in a mantle of red and with her hair dressed in larger whorls above her ears than any other maiden of the town could boast. His heart leaped with joy, for she looked very lovely, and he

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thought she had arrayed herself so for him. He went to go to her, but when he reached the place where he had seen her she had disappeared.

Then the signal was given and the young men ran down the sides of the mesa and spread away to the four parts of the world, running as hard as possible to show what they could do, for the eyes of the women were on them. And Ah-té ran faster than any, straight into the west, where his course lay, away from the mesa.

When they had gone the village was suddenly very still and lonely, even with the dogs and the children, for it is always the young men coming and going who give life and motion to a place. In a short time, Nah-ee-ya, still in her clothes of festival, took her olla on her head and started for the trail leading down to the springs. But on the way she had to pass the house of Nomi, the mother of Ah-té; and old Nana, sitting just without in the sun, with a bit of bone to keep her gums hard, heard her and called:

"Comest thou, little sister?"

So, knowing that Nana wished to see her, she put down the jar and went and sat at Nana's feet. Nana passed her wrinkled old hands over the girl's shoulders, as a mother would caress her daughter, and felt the beads of the many necklaces that were about her neck. And being so old and wise, and knowing that girls to-day are sisters even to the girls of her own time of long ago, she said:

"How is it, little one? Is there a birthday, or is it for the young men who went away?"

Nah-ee-ya drew herself back and said:

"It is none of these, my grandmother. I but go to draw water for my old ones. May not a maiden wear her trinkets save on the days of festivals? Surely, I think so."

But Nana, making many pieces of her mind, as the Indians say, understood what Nah-ee-ya did not say even as though she had spoken. So she said in the quaint thee-and-thou speech, which, when it is used, is tender as a love song:

"Child, thou art not my daughter by blood and duty, but only by love. And I love thee very much—so much that I would not see thee put thy foot in danger. Thou art even as mine own to me. I will not say, 'Forget altogether this white stranger and keep thee to thine own people.' For girls are ever like the little god Hona, to whom one must pray for drought if one would have rain. But I will tell thee of a thing which chanced in a land that was not my land, and it may be that it will show thee wherein thine eyes are covered."

Her voice changed to the monotonous sing-song in which is invariably spoken the preface to a tale.

"We take up a story. Of the times of the ancients, a story. Give heed to my words, daughter child, for they are the words of my fathers and my fathers' fathers. In the days before the coyote was a thief and a coward and a mighty liar, he was a very clever animal, and much liked by gods and men because he was always ready to do people a good turn when he could. So there was a coyote who was the father of his kind and the first coyote in the world. He was big and his coat was soft, and his voice was not starved and thin as when he sings to the moon in the days that we know. Now, there came a famine of meat in the land, inasmuch as the people had disobeyed the Ancient Ones and so were to be punished. There was corn and wheat, but the Wise Ones caused the deer and all game animals to become so wary and full of craft that men could not kill them. And there were no cattle in those days. The coyote saw all his friends and his children getting in a sad state for want of good red meat, and he said: 'I will see what I can do. I will be very crafty and play them at their own game, and it may be that I shall kill for the sake of these my dear people.' Then he became very crafty and went to the country where the animals had gathered. And finally, since the way of it has nothing to do with this my tale, let it be known that he killed a deer and the people ate and were made glad. They praised the coyote and told him how fine he was, and what a noble creature he was, and would he kill another deer for them? So he killed again, and again they praised him, so that his stomach swelled with pride. And the time of the dance of the stars drew near, and the coyote was so puffed up that he considered this dance to be for him, whereas it had been danced before ever the world began. So he said that he would dance, too. You have heard that at the dance of the stars all mortals must remain still, humbly, with bowed heads, since to act otherwise would be presumption. Therefore you may think how the Ancient Ones looked upon the pre-

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sumption of this coyote. When the night of the dance had come the coyote went and stood on the cliff at the edge of the world, and looking up he beheld a great star dancing. So he begged the star to let him hold its hand and dance also. But the star only winked at him and laughed, and danced and danced away. Then the foolish coyote vowed that he would dance no matter what came of it. All about him were many stars dancing and laughing and winking at him. Presently came his star wheeling by, and the coyote sprang from the cliff and caught at the star's hand and danced with the star and was proud. But they went up and up, and the coyote grew cold and colder and his grip of the star's hand began to slide. And at length he could hold no longer, and fell. And the star danced away, laughing, and winked at him. But because he had sprung off the edge of the world he found himself where there was no world, only a great black cold that had no end and wheeling stars that grinned at him. He fell and fell, and at last, falling, he forgot utterly, and died in his pride and of his foolishness. And therefore this word is true, little sister, as you will come to find, perhaps, that coyotes may not dance with stars. Thus shortens my story."

"I—I think I understand," Nah-ee-ya said slowly. "Second mother, I do not think I am puffed up with pride and such great foolishness. But if it be that my love is a star, and that I may not rise with it, why, then, it may be that I, too, must fall through the bitter dark into the Land of the Long Shadow. Such fancies are for night and brooding times, not for sunlight and the warmth of the good day."

Then she swung her olla to her head and went down the trail over the edge of the mesa; and Nana sat long in the sun and her face was grave, as are the faces of those who would read the mysteries of the sons and daughters of men.

Nah-ee-ya filled her jar from the spring at the mesa's foot and retraced her steps to a broad shelf of rock—convenient trysting-place—that ran along the escarpment of the cliff some three hundred feet below the mesa's crest. The place was deserted. Sheep and goats grazed here and there on the cliffs and the foothills below; now and then children appeared herding them or driving thieving crows from the corn. The sun streamed down hotly on the boulders of sandstone, on the fragments of broken pottery that carpeted the ledge. Here and there a bit of red caught the glancing light and glowed and quivered like a drop of blood.

There came a clatter of spurred feet on the rocks. A man appeared, leaping up the trail with great strides. He was tall; also he was white-skinned and fair-haired, and his eyes were blue. A certain picturesqueness in dress, a careless ease of bearing, were to be noticed; beyond this he was in no way remarkable. A healthy, sun-browned, easy-going young rancher, that was all. He stopped when he reached the ledge. Nah-ee-ya had her back carefully to him; her pose was of entire unconsciousness.

"Nah-ee-ya!" the man said softly. His tanned faced flushed an eager red. Nah-ee-ya turned swiftly.

"No!" she said in guttural Spanish, and put out a hand to ward him off. "My sun has darkened; the light of my life has gone. My old ones——"

The American swore gently, not at all as in the way of profanity. He sat on a broad boulder, his spurs clinking against the stone. In a minute he reached up and pulled the girl down beside him. They sat together, hand in hand, reading in each other's eyes the story as old as the old creation, as new as the new-born day. The man broke the silence first:

"What has your father said?"

"He does not know."

"Your mother?"

"She does not know. It is Nana, the grandmother of Ah-té, that I fear. Also Ah-té. Now he and the young men have gone for snakes to be used in the dance after seven suns."

The man gazed over her head into the flat distance and smiled.

"Of course your people would not like to see you leave them for a white man," he observed. "Perhaps, by their way of thinking, they are right. But we see from the other side, sweetheart, you and I. And if they turn me down, Nah-ee-ya, will you go away with me? A journey of two suns across the desert to Sunset ——" (the nearest Mormon settlement). "Will you go?"

Nah-ee-ya's eyes darkened. To go away with this stranger—for the first time a small thought entered that he was all but a stranger, so little she knew of his life, his

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"THE STORY AS OLD AS THE OLD CREATION."

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people, himself—to go without consent of father or mother, or the blessing of the gods upon her. . . .

"I will go," she said simply, and her eyes searched him.

The laughter died out of his face. He was nothing but a bold-eyed young rancher, but he had his race's inbred chivalry toward women. He raised her brown small hand, work-worn and calloused, and kissed it.

"God bless you, little one," he said gravely. "You're a plucky little soul and you'll never be the worse for it, s'help me! I'm not denying you'll find it rough at first, but we'll come out on top together."

Then Nah-ee-ya wept a little, in the manner of her kind, between a helpless woman's fear of the unknown future to which she had pledged herself, and joy because the brave, bright world was only made for love and eager lovers, and a vague unrest that she dimly knew and left unnamed. And he was permitted to comfort her; and they were very happy.

Soon Nah-ee-ya was moved to speak.

"Ma-son-n!" she said, in English, with a beautifully correct pronunciation, glancing beneath shy lids for his approval. He gave it, surprised and very pleased; but Nah-ee-ya was in earnest. Since her English was limited to a word, she adjured him in solemn Spanish.

"Do not laugh. I speak of sober things. Nana hates you. Will you listen and not make fun? She is old and very wise, and her heart is bound to the heart of Ah-té. And she would make others hate also for the sake of him. Ah-té would have me, therefore Nana speaks for him. But I will not have Ah-té. See, beloved"—her voice dropped from uneasy Spanish into her own soft mother-tongue—"I have brought thee a thing to guard thee from her charms and magic. For she is very wise! It is a bit of her mantle, and if thou wilt wear it—so—no word of hers shall harm thee. For if one has a thing that is part of another, that other may not harm one so long as the thing be held."

She knotted the bit of cloth into a woven cotton cord and put it about his neck. Mason, from the heights of male intelligence, scoffed, but with a twinkle. Nah-ee-ya coaxed; became entrancingly confused when Mason hinted at a price for his tolerance. In the end the charm stayed where it was, tucked by slim brown fingers beneath his flannel blouse. Thus the time passed. They found it full of interest.

The sun slipped down the shoulder of the mesa; a half-wild goat eyed them from a jutting rock and sidled past with elaborate caution, on the way to drink. Soon the women would be coming down for water. It was long past noon. Nah-ee-ya became possessed of vague uneasiness at the length of her absence. Mason was reckless.

"What does it matter?" he asked, and put a detaining hand on hers. "There is time; the day is not yet old." He looked at her; she smiled. "Hungry? I have my saddle-bags——"

Nah-ee-ya stopped him; wished to feed her lover from her own stores. She lifted the brimming olla to her head with the ease born of long practice, and started up the trail. Mason watched her out of sight, then lighted a cigarette and sat down.

(To be continued.)

OLD FATHER TIME.

By Owen Hall.

WE speak of Time gone by: we do him wrong:
No weary traveller he—with scythe and glass
And deeply furrowed cheeks, and hair grown long—
'Tis we who pass.

Our eyes, not his, grow dim with unshed tears,
And slow regrets for joys we cannot hold:
It is not Time but we who count the years—
'Tis we grow old.

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THE HYACINTH.

By
MARGERY WILLIAMS.

Illustrated Photographically
by
GRACE COOK.

THE new teacher of the infant class was young, and she brought to her work an unclouded enthusiasm and many really pretty theories. One of these concerned what she called "the latent love of Beauty which is the heritage of all God's creatures." She was fond of referring to the class figuratively as her little garden plot, and had Ruskinian visions of herself raking and levelling and tucking in precious seeds of virtue and artistic perception. But she made the primary mistake of regarding the infant class as Potential Souls—small, unexpanded blossoms with which one should begin from the first by dealing in a spirit of love and confidence. This mistake was not reciprocal—probably because the teacher was new to infant classes; whereas the class had had experience in the matter of teachers.

"If I can only win their love and confidence," the new teacher said, "I know we shall get along perfectly. Only, of course, it takes a little time."

She was right. Her class happened to be recruited chiefly from Walker's Buildings, and in the neighborhood of Walker's Buildings love and confidence are not in the way of sprouting spontaneously from the cracks of the pavement. The new teacher made little winning overtures, which the infant class regarded stolidly from afar. It was the Ages watching the gambols of a kitten. This attitude of theirs would have effectually chilled and discouraged anything in the world except, perhaps, a young unmarried woman of Ruskinian convictions.

One morning she appeared with a little parcel in her hand, which she placed carefully upon the desk. From many wrappings of soft paper she evolved a tall, straight glass and also a small object which resembled a badly shrivelled turnip. The class surveyed these preparations indifferently. Presently the teacher tapped with her ruler smartly upon the desk-edge.

"Now, children," she began smilingly. "Children! Susie, dear, I am speaking. Now, children, I have here a little brown thing—small and brown and round—that looks like, what?" She held it up to their gaze between thumb and forefinger. "An onion! But it isn't an onion! No, it is what we call a hyacinth—Hy-a-cinth. Yes, it looks like an onion, but its real name is Hyacinth. Now we are going to place this bulb on this vase—so—and fill the vase up with water, and set it there on that window-ledge in the sun, where we can all see it. And then the sun will warm it, and the water will moisten it, and presently little white roots like strings will come out, and then a little green shoot will push through the top, and grow into long green leaves. And then, one day, what do you think we shall come in and find? Guess. Well, I'll tell you. A sweet-scented, beautiful *flower!*"

She paused, smiling brightly, for the class to express the proper symptoms of astonishment and delight. But the class did not appear to be impressed by the revelation. It was woefully plain that they did not give two trouser-buttons whether the bulb produced eventually a flower, a vegetable marrow, or an old tomato can. The Potential Souls, ranged upon their benches before her, merely fixed her collectively with a cold,

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fishy eye, and waited. The teacher had a moment of surprised disappointment. But over the rows of yellow and brown and mouse-colored heads in the immediate foreground she encountered opportunely a pair of blue eyes turned upon her with guileless interest. The eyes belonged to a small pagan known in the vicinity of Walker's Buildings simply as Murph's Kid. He had a record which does not appertain to this story. It may be mentioned that when former teachers had met the sunny, guileless gaze of Murph's Kid across the classroom they quailed apprehensively. It was an excellent example of worldly wisdom and learning become as nothing before the pure gaze of a little child.

But to the new teacher his glance was significant only of awakened instinct. She returned it encouragingly.

"Now, Tommy—Murphy, is it? Yes. Tommy, *you* may go and fill this vase for me with water! Now, very carefully. Up to there!"

Providence is said to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Murph's Kid departed clattering and returned, and in the still intact vase the teacher placed the hyacinth bulb, with the air of a priestess performing a rite. She carried it over to the sunny window-ledge, tripping across the floor in her accustomed cheerful way, while Murph's Kid and the other Potential Souls watched her with wide, inscrutable eyes.

When she regained her desk she made a further speech, and during the delivery of it her smile rested upon Murph's Kid with a special beneficent glow.

"Now, children, I have one thing more to say to you. We are going to watch this plant, and take care of it, and give it fresh water every day—each child in turn—and *when* it comes into blossom, *then* it is going to belong to the little boy or girl who has the best marks for good behavior—and keeps his face and hands clean!"

She dwelt upon this final clause with an emphasis which betrayed the inner structure of her hopes. The grime of this world seemed to enfold these Potential Souls even as the chrysalis enfolds the butterfly. It amounted to a physical environment. Sometimes the teacher had dreams of a day when she would be able to display proudly to possible hovering district inspectors a vision of shining faces and smooth heads. At other times it seemed that it would be easier to clean the front of the Reform Club with a toothbrush.

But little things will sometimes spring the trigger of a miracle. The members of the infant class had about as much practical use for a flowering hyacinth as they would have had for a sextant or a volume of Tennyson. But for no reason whatever the lust for possession forthwith gripped them like a vice. Perhaps it was a whim. Perhaps it was a species of spring epidemic. At any rate, it sufficed to bring about a singular and startling revolution, a local upheaval of human nature. The teacher, taking stock of her little garden plot, was surprised and gratified to perceive it blossoming forth day by day in new directions of virtue. The souls were unfolding, like little daisies opening to the sunlight. She had in truth regarded the hyacinth as a forlorn hope, but now it seemed to her a veritable inspiration.

The first step once gained, she set herself buoyantly to arousing their dormant interests in other ways. She introduced little action songs, and arranged for a weekly musical drill. The Potential Souls took to the action songs kindly: almost too kindly. There was some difficulty in afterward diverting their enkindled enthusiasm to more prosaic tasks. But there are minor difficulties to be encountered in the cultivation of even earthly garden plots. Toward the end of March the teacher was conscious of a distinct glow of satisfaction.

Meanwhile the hyacinth grew and prospered—"just as God means your little souls and bodies to grow and blossom," the teacher once said. It had been part of her original plan to utilize the flower as a sort of spiritual object-lesson, but Murph's Kid displayed an ominous disposition toward argument. He was of the materialist school; and his queries took a form of startling practicality. Ultimately, the teacher decided to relinquish this part of her plan. Thereafter the object-lesson was confined to the strictly botanical.

As regards class competition, Murph's Kid remained steadily in the van. He developed phenomenal virtues of punctuality and tidiness. He became a daily joy to his teacher. She spoke of him as "that dear little Tommy."

"The child is really working hard," she told a colleague. "I should be so pleased if he really did get it, in the end."

Presently a chalky-blue spike of blossom

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"NOTABLE FOR ALWAYS WANTING TO PUT ONE MORE STORY ON HER CARD HOUSES."

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began to show above the leaves in the hyacinth glass. About this time the zeal of Murph's Kid redoubled. The sight of the flower egged him on to fresh efforts. It was evident that he was putting on a spurt. His soul sprouted all but visibly, and the young teacher's Ruskinian convictions received a new lease of enthusiasm.

About a week before the Easter holidays there came a morning when she stood up and read out impressively the acquired marks. The hyacinth was beside her on the desk. She lingered over the task, and then there was a positive radiance on her face when she at last announced in her high, cheerful voice: "Tommy Murphy, 147!"

There was a subdued murmur, in the midst of which Murph's Kid arose and stumped stolidly up to the desk. He received the hyacinth into his arms, and clutching it carefully, faced about and marched back to his place. His manner of crossing the floor was in effect a royal progress. He was the hero of the moment, and it cost him no abashment when the teacher referred to him laudatively in a little speech.

Now, had the teacher been even moderately wise, she would, in her gratitude to Providence for the miracle of the past six weeks, have been content to let Murph's Kid rest upon his laurels. But as a child she had been notable for always wanting to put one more story on her card houses. After school was out she called Murph's Kid over to her side.

"Tommy," she began pleasantly, "aren't you glad you were a good little boy and earned such a pretty flower?"

"Yeth," said Murph's Kid. He lisped. This was partly why the teacher had been originally attracted to him.

"But you'd have been glad to have been a good little boy all the same, even if there hadn't been any flower—yes, I'm sure you would." She was hurried by a dawning uncertainty in the blue infantile eyes. "Yes, I've been very pleased with you all these weeks, and God has been pleased with you, too. And now, Tommy dear, I have something I want to ask you. I know a little sick child, and she lies on her bed all day, and she can't move or run about and play—think of that, Tommy! And she hasn't anything to play with or look at—no lovely flower like you have to see when she opens her eyes in the morning. Now think how very happy that little sick child would be if only she had a pretty flower to stand on a table by her bedside all day long!"

She had worked up to her climax carefully, ingratiatingly. Now she paused, anxious to see how the great law of charity would commend itself to the small, expanding soul before her. Murph's Kid was watching one fly eating another fly on the classroom window-pane. His face had a rapt gaze which the teacher misinterpreted, for she plunged at once to the heart of her speech.

"Now, Tommy dear, wouldn't it make you happy to feel that you'd been able to give that poor little sick child a real pleasure? Suppose you should say to me: 'Teacher, I'd like you to take my flower and give it to that poor little sick child who hasn't any!' Wouldn't you be glad to know that the flower you'd worked so hard for all these weeks had gone to make a little sick child happy?"

"Naw!" said Murph's Kid.

He swung listlessly from one foot to the other, clasping his hyacinth guardedly as though he realized some sinister design upon it.

"Think how God would love you, Tommy. And if you give your flower away to a little sick child it would be just the same as if you gave it to God! Think of that! Wouldn't you like to give your flower to God?"

"*Naw!*" said Murph's Kid. There was an ominous note of decision in his voice. He began to edge gently but firmly away.

The teacher became eloquent. She described touchingly the little sick girl, and dwelt upon the little sick girl's silent, pathetic joy. She even drew harrowing pictures of Tommy—yes, Tommy—stretched pale and wan upon a bed of pain, and other little boys with flowers refusing to give their treasures to brighten his dying moments. But it would have been difficult to harrow the feelings of Murph's Kid with an ice-plow. He remained stonily unimpressed. In the end the teacher desisted, baffled.

"I'm very sorry, Tommy," she told him, gravely. "I am disappointed. I had hoped you would be an unselfish little boy, and be glad to do a kindness. You may go home, Tommy."

He went, singing. As the teacher watched him disappear through the doorway there was a genuine disappointment in her heart. She had taken a special interest in the blossoming of Tommy's small white soul. Now her interest seemed wasted.

Meantime, Murph's Kid, seated with his

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trophy on the curb outside Walker's Buildings, was the centre of an envious crowd. He posed proudly, nursing the flower in his arms, and scowling darkly at the other children, who scowled back at him.

But after a time Murph's Kid was left alone with his glory. He joggled the bulb about in the glass, and snuffed at the blossom vigorously. Presently he took to making little sudden assaults upon it with his nose. The pastime suggested its own variations. He shut his eyes and charged at the flower with bent head and locomotive sniffs. As a conclusion to one of these attacks the delicate gray-blue spike of bloom snapped.

It is said that through sorrow we are led to charity. As Murph's Kid contemplated his broken treasure he was suddenly moved to think of the little sick child whose flowerless existence the teacher had been at such pains to vividly represent. He felt sorry for the little sick child. Murph's Kid had a Celtic heart. Presently a round, grimy tear splashed down the head of the battered and disreputable hyacinth. Murph's Kid wiped it off with his finger, thinking deeply.

. . . . . .

The pretty young teacher was standing before the blackboard with a piece of chalk in her hand, deliberating, when she was aware of a presence advancing to her up the echoing classroom. When he was quite close she said to him, "Well, Tommy?"

Murph's Kid held out the hyacinth to her with a superb gesture. In his blue eyes shone the light of a spiritual victory. He said simply: "Il' thick child tan 'ave my flower to pay wiv!"

. . . . . .

The teacher sat down on the edge of the rostrum and drew him toward her.

"You don't know how happy you've made me, Tommy. And now don't *you* feel happier to think you've given up your lovely flower to the poor little sick child?"

Murph's Kid grunted. He was keeping a careful eye on the adjacent hyacinth. It was as if the magnitude of his sacrifice still fascinated him.

"Yes! And now do you know, Tommy, because you've been an unselfish little boy, what I'm going to do? Well, I've got a lovely toy—it's right here in my desk—and I'm going to give it to *you*, for your very own! —own!"

The teacher was acting guiltily against her principles, but she regarded it as a final bid for Tommy's soul. She produced mysteriously a wonderful little painted locomotive. There was a saint-like ecstasy in Tommy's eyes as he clutched it from her outstretched hand.

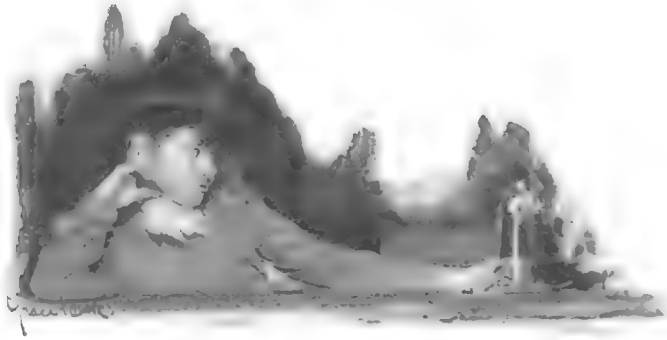
"Say 'thank you', dear!"

Murph's Kid mumbled unintelligibly, shifting his feet. His eyes consulted the hyacinth on the desk. He seemed in some hurry to escape. The teacher ascribed this to the instinctive modesty of heroism rewarded. As he finally edged away and began to retreat rapidly down the classroom her gaze followed him affectionately.

Still smiling, she turned to the hyacinth. Something in its attitude struck her as unfamiliar, artificial. It bespoke a weariness, a despondency. A sudden foreboding seized her. With her hand still outstretched toward it she paused. She turned her head.

"Tommy! I want you, Tommy!"

But Murph's Kid was beyond recall, departed joyously upon the trail of worldly pleasure. Outside she could hear his voice raised in a pagan chant of triumph as he dragged his squeaking locomotive along the pavement. Bit by bit the sound retreated, faded, was effaced in the shifting clamor of the street.



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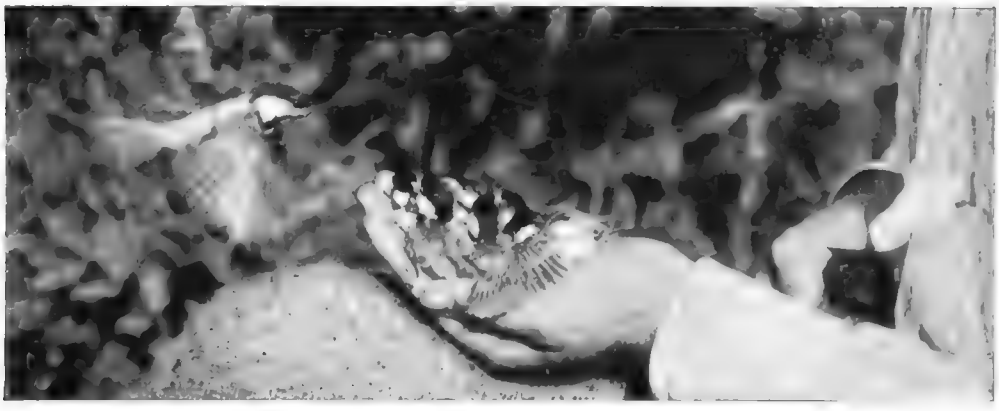
"EACH ONE STRUGGLED TO BE NEAREST TO THE PROMISED MORSEL."



MY CHICKADEE FRIENDS.

An Account of My Experience with a Chickadee Family.

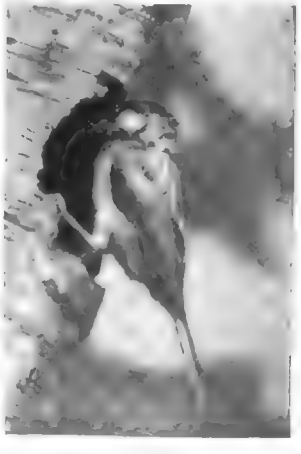
By A. Radclyffe Dugmore,
Author of "Bird Homes," etc.

Illustrations from Photographs from Life by the Author.

DEE-DEE LEAVING THE NEST.

FROM among the gently swaying branches of the silver birch a small bird called softly, "Chickadee-chickadee-chickadee-dee-dee," and from the tangle beneath came the answer, "Dee-dee," uttered in tones of utmost purity and entirely in keeping with the delicacy of the surroundings; for it was spring-time, and everything was tender — the increasing warmth of the sun coaxing things into life, and the young, growing vegetation endeavoring to hide all the signs of the year that was dead and gone. Again the chickadee called to his mate, who replied by flying to him, and the two small fluffy balls of gray, black, and white sat side by side, as alike as two peas in a pod. They had evidently been mated for but a short time, for as yet no nest had been made; but the year was yet young, so why hurry? Among the many dead and dying birch trees there were numerous holes suitable for a chickadee's nest, and, after a little searching, one was found that suited their ideas of what a nest-hole should be. It was perhaps a trifle deep at present, but by the time the building material would be in place it would be about right. It is best not to be too particular. He who would search until he finds perfection dies while he is yet searching.

Before they began to build, the chickadees, seeing a stranger so near, came to investigate, hopping from branch to branch until they were within a few feet of me. In reply to their frequent calls,



"THEIR IDEAS OF WHAT A NEST-HOLE SHOULD BE."

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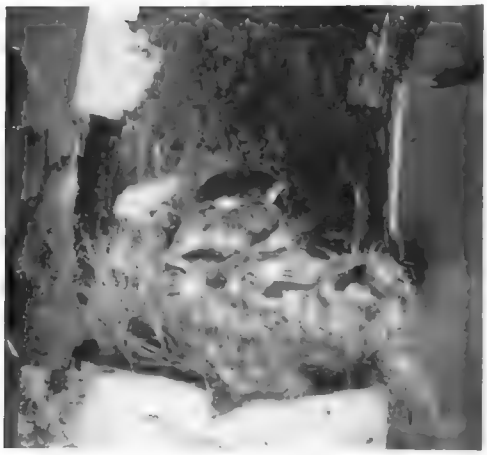

YOUNG CHICKADEES IN THE NEST.

SHADING THE YOUNG FROM THE SUN'S GLARE.

I answered with the same note, and so being introduced they were satisfied and immediately began once more their nest-building. To watch them was a pleasure that cannot be expressed in words ; such devotion, such patience, and such untiring energy, and, withal, such intelligence, must have commanded the respect and attention of even the most cold-hearted and indifferent person

Evidently moss was considered a most excellent material with which to lay the foundation of the nest. So Dee-dee, as I will call Mrs. Chickadee (for it was in that way she so often replied to her mate), flew to the foot of a partly dead maple tree, whose exposed roots were well covered with a thick coat of short, curly, and nearly dry moss. Then, with all her energy, she began gathering pieces of this moss in her tiny beak. When she had collected all she could carry, she flew to the nest-hole and without a moment's hesitation disappeared through the entrance, remained inside for a few moments, and, reappearing, flew directly to the moss-covered roots and once more began gathering material. Just then Chickadee (her mate), who had been absent for some minutes, arrived, carrying in his beak a greenish caterpillar. Seeing Dee-dee, he called to her, and she answered gently "Dee-dee," and went on with her work. Down to the moss-covered roots he flew to offer her the food he had brought, but she, her mouth already half full of moss, would not accept it. In vain did he coax—she must work. So, with her beak full, she flew to the nest, stayed, as before, a few minutes, and then, reappearing, turned again to her moss-gathering. Then came Chickadee's opportunity. With the most delicate manner imaginable, he offered the dainty morsel, which this time she accepted with a graceful flutter, just as a young girl might on receiving a gift from her lover. No sooner had Dee-dee swallowed the food and wiped her beak on a twig than she resumed her task of moss-gathering, while her mate flew off for more food. Throughout the morning things went on in this way—she working while he fed her, always waiting with the food in his beak if she was busy until she could take it. Not once did I see him eat the food, though at times his mate would keep him waiting as much as five minutes. About noon the sky became overcast, and large drops of rain fell, gently at first, then gradually faster and faster until from each green leaf

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the drops hung like clear round crystals, that were shaken off whenever the cooling breezes passed by and moved the gem-laden branches. It was no time for nest-building, and Chickadee and his mate flew off among the trees and were quickly lost to view. After four days this softest and cosiest of nests was completed, built of moss, sheep's wool, silky plant down, and a large quantity of 'possum's hair, stolen no doubt from some mother 'possum's nest in a hollow tree. Eight days later the nest contained seven tiny speckled eggs, pinky-white and almost transparent. On these precious atoms the old birds sat day and night, seldom absenting themselves from the self-imposed task, which, at best, must have been tedious. Frequently during these long days of waiting I visited the nest, when the sitting bird would look up into my face with a manner seeming to beg that I would not disturb her.

Days passed, days of sunshine and days of showers, all helping in the fulfilment of the promises of spring. The trees became more thickly covered with leaves, and on the ground the new vegetation had almost concealed the skeletons of the dead year. The early flowers had come and gone, and the woods had been made glorious with pink azaleas, while the ground in places was covered with their fallen flowers. Everywhere the songs of the birds sounded in the bright air, from the soul-stirring chant of the wood-thrush to the jerky notes of the red-eyed vireo, each doing his utmost to ring up the echoes of the summer woods.

The chickadees were busy from morning till night, for their young had arrived and needed constant feeding. These tiny gray atoms, at first naked and blind, soon shaped themselves into small, open-eyed, down-covered balls of fat; then, the pin-feathers, gradually covering the body, at last opened and became soft young feathers, enveloping now both head and body, until the young chickadees were completely clothed.

The day came at last—a fine, bright, sunny day, though intensely hot—when the young birds were to make their bow to the great world. I had brought with me all the necessary photographic paraphernalia, with the expectation of obtaining portraits of the chickadee family. Hitherto I had only secured the photographs reproduced on the first page of this article, the parent birds going in and out of their nest; but these were as nothing compared with my expectations.

"THEIR YOUNG HAD ARRIVED AND NEEDED CONSTANT FEEDING."

"THE YOUNG BIRDS WERE TO MAKE THEIR BOW TO THE GREAT WORLD."

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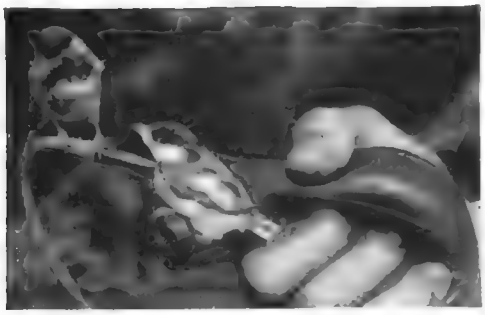
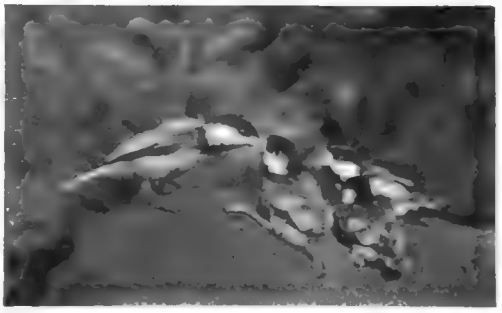


"MRS. CHICKADEE PERCHED ON THE NOZZLE OF THE BULB."



DEE-DEE FEEDING HER YOUNG ON MY KNEE.

It is well to hope for things that never will be; for otherwise our greatest enthusiasms would die early, and our successes be even fewer than they are now. Therefore my hopes were placed on the topmost rung of the ladder.

Chickadee and his mate were both present when I looked in the nest to see if the youngsters were, as I fully believed, ready to leave their warm home. Not for long was I left in doubt. As I placed my finger gently beneath one of the small living balls of fluff, there was a quick movement, a fluttering of small untried wings, and seven tiny chickadees were instantly scattered among the surrounding bushes. Such an excitement as there was! "Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee-dee," cried the parent birds as they flew back and forth, up and down, from twig to twig, up in the trees, then down on the ground, urging the young birds to greater efforts, and helping the weaker ones with emphatic words of advice. All the birds in the neighborhood arrived, willing but powerless to offer any assistance. The yellow-breasted chat, whose nest was in the huckleberry bush near by, let her young go hungry for a time while she came carrying their meal in her beak, adding her cries to the many that filled the air. From all sides could be heard the distressed calls of the birds. Vireos, catbirds, tanagers, warblers of many kinds, blue jays, wood-thrushes, and many others, each one excited and trying to outdo his neighbor in vocal remonstrance. Suddenly, and with no apparent reason, the chickadees quieted down, when immediately all the other birds became silent, and one by one returned to their homes and their duties.

LEARNING ALL THE ACROBATIC FEATS OF THEIR KIND.

Now it was that my work began. In vain had I attempted to follow the various courses of the fledglings, but nature had allowed me only two eyes, a number quite insufficient to keep up with the vagaries of seven chickadees, young and inexperienced though they were. There was nothing to do but to institute a long and careful search, a test of patience against instinct, the former gaining the day, for in about an hour I found all of the seven young chickadees. It is curious that once found these chickadees no longer seemed to entertain that keen desire to get away which characterizes most young birds under similar conditions. On the contrary, they behaved most admirably, being quite content to sit on my hand or on any branch I might select, provided, only, they were shaded from the fierce glare of the

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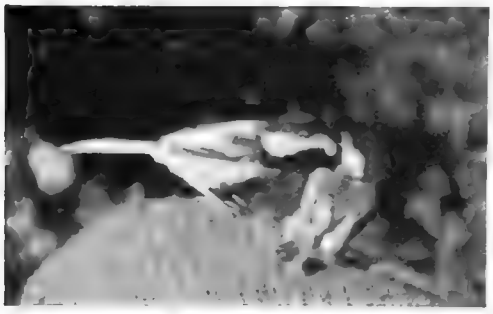

"SINGLED OUT ONE OF THE SEVEN."

"DEE-DEE REPLIED IN PERSON BY COMING ON TO MY KNEE."

sun; and just here lay my greatest difficulty, for instantaneous photographs are not made in the shade, and the movement of birds is so rapid that one twenty-fifth of a second is about as much as one may safely indulge in. This means that the subject must be well lighted, a condition that my little chickadees thoroughly objected to. If I placed them, one or all, on my knee, and my knee happened to be in the sunlight, without a moment's hesitation they would scramble to the nearest shade, even should it be but a fold in my clothes.

Both Dee-dee and Chickadee seemed somewhat astonished to see their young ones sitting so complacently on my knee, and doubtless they wondered what next would happen. So far they had seen no reason to fear me, for I had done them no harm; but now that I had their young so clearly in my power, it might be different. At any rate they were determined to watch me, and for this purpose they stayed very near, calling occasionally, "chickadee, chickadee-dee-dee," to which the youngsters, in quaint imitation, would reply. But "chicka-chickadee," about as near as they came to it, seemed to please the old birds. It required some time to prepare for the photographic work, but at last, everything being ready, I had but to wait for the parent chickadees (who by this time had become quite used to the very novel situation) to come on to my knee, for that was the sort of picture I wished. It is needless to say that I was surprised to find how little coaxing was required. Only one call from the young, and Dee-dee replied in person by coming on to my knee, where her children were bunched together, just as though it were the most natural thing in the world for her to do. She brought no food with her, however, so the seven youngsters fluttered, chirped, and opened their yellow-lined mouths in vain. Evidently Dee-dee came with the single idea of satisfying herself of their complete safety. This being assured, she flew away, to receive from her mate a caterpillar of that kind commonly known as the inch-worm. This she prepared by eating both the ends, which are armed with feet. Scarcely a minute being required for this, she came directly to the impatient brood, still wondering in expressive tones at the unusual delay of their meal time. Perching on my knee, she singled out one of the seven, apparently without any particular reason, while the remaining six looked on with quaintly dismal and dejected expressions.

AN INDEPENDENT YOUNG CHICKADEE.

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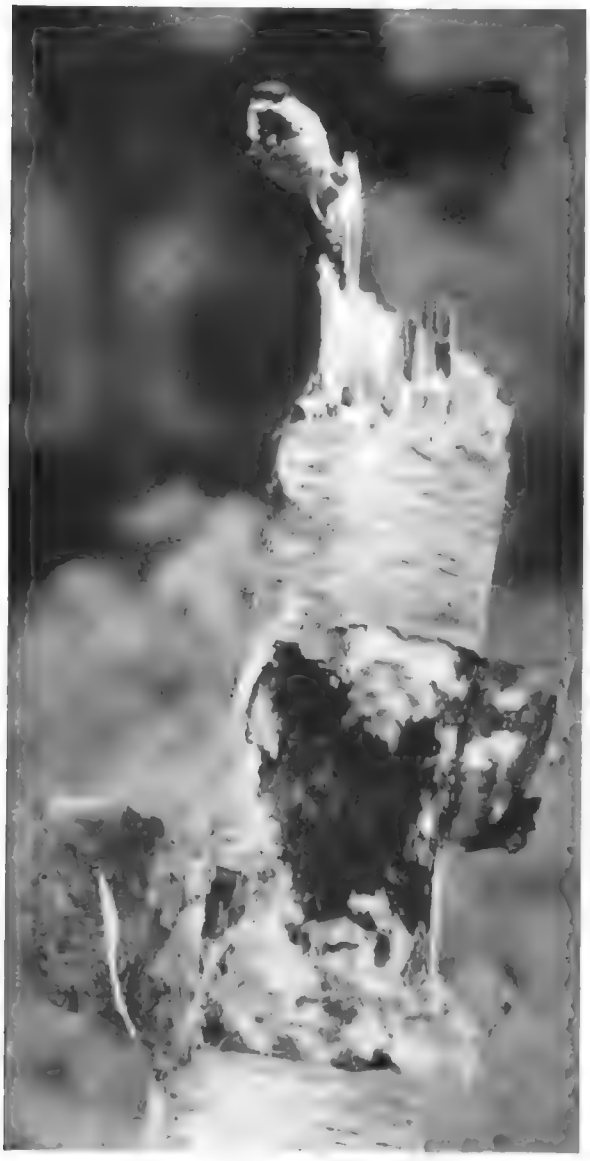
To silence and satisfy the entire brood seemed now the one thing necessary, a fact which appeared to be thoroughly appreciated by both the old birds, for they worked as though their lives depended on it. Over and under each branch they climbed, examining both sides of every leaf, and woe to the caterpillar or spider that tried to hide from their beadlike eyes, for instantly he was grabbed and brought to appease the young hungries, until, one at a time, they were all filled and asleep, for with young birds sleep follows food as surely as summer follows spring.



CHICKADEE, AND OPENED NEST FULL OF YOUNG.

I had secured several photographs of the family on my knee, and now I wanted some that would show them on my hand; so, after allowing my young charges ten minutes' sleep, I began by placing one of them on my hand, at the same time holding the bulb (which released the shutter of the lens) in the same hand, but before I could pick up the second fledgling, Mrs. Chickadee came, without food, and perched on the nozzle of the bulb; so, not wishing to lose the opportunity, I pressed the bulb, and secured the photograph reproduced on page 436.

So far, neither of the parent birds had actually been on my hand, but, judging from their former behavior, I felt not the slightest doubt that they would do so. Dee-dee, seeing that the little one sitting on my finger was in that chronic state of hunger so peculiar to young birds, left him, with the evident intention of finding something with which to satisfy him. Chickadee had, however, anticipated her, and brought an insect suited to the needs of a fledgling. Dee-dee approached him, fluttering her partly closed wings, just as the fledglings did when they wanted food.* She was evidently begging the food from him, and he, being of an unselfish turn of mind, gave it to her with a flutter and a soft note which seemed to say, "It is yours; do what you wish with it," and he followed her almost to my hand as she came flying in response to the calls of the handful of fledglings. Seeing her approach, each one struggled to be nearest to the promised morsel. Just before she perched on my hand, I pressed the bulb, with the result shown on page 433. Having delivered herself of the food, to the great satisfaction of only one of the youngsters, she stood still a moment and looked up to me with a quizzical expression, and then flew

* This is a rather peculiar habit of the adult chickadee, which may be noticed during the spring and summer months.

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off. Scarcely had I changed the plate in the camera when she came back again, and remained on my hand for some time. After having once come to me, and finding nothing to fear, she came often, and so did Chickadee. Sometimes they sat together on my shoulder or my hat, and whether I moved about or remained quiet made no difference to them.

Sitting there in the clearing that adjoined the woods in which was the nest of this interesting family of chickadees, surrounded by sweet-scented myrtle and the huckleberries whose tiny green fruit was hanging in small clusters, at my feet the exquisite waxlike bells of the stagger bush, than which there are few more dainty or beautiful flowers, I felt that for once at least I must be fairly close to nature in one of her happiest moods, and in all the splendor of the fulness of summer. For there were birds, both young and old, treating me with confidence, the old ones flying about as though thoroughly agreeing to this strange friendship. Now on my hand, now on my shoulder, sitting so close to my face that I could, with my cheek, stroke both Chickadee and his confiding mate. Their soft feathers against my skin and their small warm feet on my fingers gave a thrill that went through my system, leaving a glow of pleasure such as one seldom has the good fortune to experience.

CHICKADEE, ONE DAY AFTER LEAVING THE NEST.

What was it that gave this pleasure? Only the immediate presence of some very small birds—birds that so many people know not even by name. What was there in this to give that strange thrill? Each time a bird comes to me of its own accord I feel it, and am repaid a hundred-fold for any hardship I may have encountered in trying to make them realize my friendly intentions. At first, as a bird comes near, inquiry showing in its every move, one's heart throbs with the great pleasure of anticipation, that pleasure which is so often the end of our dearest hopes. Nearer and nearer comes our would-be friend, and harder and harder does the heart beat, until we dread lest its throbbing may frighten away the bird, and we hold the breath and wish the heart would make less noise. There is a choking sensation in the throat, such as one feels when listening to beautiful music, as the bird finally comes on one's hand, and the realization of a thing accomplished seems to release the heart, and breath comes freely. The bird has touched one's hand, and—well, what more is needed?

Before leaving the chickadees I had replaced the youngsters in their nest, but early next morning, when I visited the nest, it was empty. Suddenly a small clear voice from a tree near by called "chickadee — chickadee - dee - dee," and there was one of the old birds, and with her on the same branch sat two of the young ones. That the others were not far off I felt sure, and a little searching soon discovered them. They were all safe and very busy, for they had much to learn, and I watched them during many hours as they climbed among the branches, learning from their parents all the acrobatic feats of their kind, but eating nothing except what was given them. It would be a couple of weeks, or more, before they would feed themselves, and long before that time they would be full grown, and exact counterparts of their parents. Judging from the fact that chickadees are so often found in small flocks of seven or eight, it seems more than likely that each family remains united until the approach of spring and the nesting season.

The last I saw of my chickadee friends was towards the end of summer. Insects were searching for places where they might safely hide their eggs until the following spring should come, and the chickadees, as they hunted for these insects and their eggs, were doing their part in the great order of things of nature.

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A Jewish Pedler in Salonica.

BORIS SARAFOFF, EMANCIPATOR.

By Stephen French Whitman and Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

IN 1899 Boris Sarafoff became the president of the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee. At once that organization, previously a loose union of many branches under many leaders, became solidified, systematized and menacing. Its head was in Sofia, in free Bulgaria. Its arms, always *en rapport* with the head, were in every Macedonian village where there were Bulgarians and the hope of freedom from the Turk. In a remarkably short time Sarafoff made of this committee a machine terrifying to Moslem and Macedonian non-sympathizer alike, working noiselessly under cover, striking for liberty here and there, swiftly, no doubt cruelly, with the very weapons of its mediævally minded enemy. It is because of Sarafoff and the centralized Macedonian Committee he evolved that the war-cloud, menacing at last, hangs over the Balkans.

Sarafoff is a young man. He was born thirty years ago in the Turkish village of Ljubjechovo. His inheritance, from generations of Bulgarian ancestors, was hate of Turkish tyranny and the example of many forefathers who had fought against it futilely. When he was five years old he saw his father and grandfather dragged from home in chains by the Bashi Bazouks, lashed and imprisoned, on a charge of treason. When they were released finally, by reforms which the Powers compelled Turkey to make, the family fled to Nevrokop. From this place, when he was ten years old, young Sarafoff was sent by his father to school at Salonica. Four years later his father and grandfather were brought to Salonica and thrown into prison again on another charge of treason. A year afterward they were banished to Asia Minor without trial. It was then Boris Sarafoff swore that he would devote his life to seeking vengeance of the Turk.

He set about this work in the most businesslike way. When he studied, it was with the ambition to know those things which would make him a leader of men. When his vacations came he went through the wild countryside finding and exploring the ravines and passes where raiding parties might travel and arms be hid. When he was eighteen he attained entrance to the Military Academy at Sofia, afterward served for a time as a Bulgarian private, and finally, at twenty, was made a lieutenant of the First Bulgarian Infantry.

In 1895 Sarafoff was ready to begin the vendetta he had sworn and which was to assume

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at length such ominous proportions. In July he gathered together eighty young men, crossed the Macedonian border and descended all unexpectedly upon the town of Melnik. His maiden manœuvers would have done credit to a veteran. He cut the telegraph lines, overpowered the guard of the Turkish prefecture, turned the Bulgarian prisoners out of the jail and threw the Turkish prefect in. The Turkish garrison of one hundred sallied out and half of them were killed, while the other half fled. Then Sarafoff burned Melnik's government buildings and gracefully disappeared into the mountain passes as several regiments of Moslem horse and foot came headlong on the scene. Thus the Turkish Government first heard of Sarafoff.

For four years this young revolutionist harassed the Turks by an elusive guerrilla warfare which bore enormous risks for his handful of followers. In some way he managed to escape after every startling raid with his command marvellously intact, leaving ruin behind. He played a galling game of hide-and-seek with the Turkish troops, who hunted him through the border passes. When the game grew too hot he slipped over into Bulgaria. Month after month his name was more often on the lips of Macedonians and Turks, until every Bulgarian knew of Sarafoff, his prowess and his astonishing escapes; and Constantinople came to consider his head worth a thousand Turkish pounds. It was then that he became president of the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee.

Since that time Sarafoff has been a different figure from the man who led fierce little raiding parties over the border and back again. With his attachment to the Macedonian Committee he has become even more elusive, less often seen, more menacing in a shadowy, sinister way. Hidden from sight, he has shed a great deal of blood and spread much ruin in Macedonia. In his savage determination to force freedom from the Turk he has repeatedly struck the Macedonian slave with the blow aimed at the Moslem master. From a border revolutionist he has grown to be the unscrupulous master of a great system, terrifying and murdering and blackmailing and devastating impartially where he believes such work may lead to final freedom.

In the work of Sarafoff's committee one sees far more often the dead man than the gun that killed him. When the blow has fallen one knows where its agents have been. This machine, since Sarafoff became its head, in 1899, has grown each year more dangerous and subtle and, withal, more intangible. If it is coming near to-day to freeing Macedonia at last, Macedonia at large bears it with more fear than joy. The fear of the Sultan is not much greater in Macedonia than the fear of Sarafoff.

TURKISH MISRULE IN MACEDONIA.

When the Powers gave Macedonia back to Constantinople, for fear that the Muscovite might take her, the Turk was logical enough to see that the gift was a loan. Therefore, he rides the nag to death, in the Oriental manner, by a savage system of extortion through corrupt officials and brutal *gendarmerie*.

Macedonia's three vilayets, or provinces, Kossova, Monastir and Salonica, have each an area of about ten thousand square miles and a population of a million. Five-sixths of the people are Bulgarians, largely of the peasant class. The rest is a tangle of races and religions, Greeks, Rumanians, Albanians, Servians, Tartars, Circassians, Armenians, Kurds. Where these peoples once lived fairly in accord, to-day they snarl and curse each other's creeds fanatically. Over them all are the Turkish officials and the Sultan's ferocious, fierce-fighting soldiery.

Nature made Macedonia very beautiful and very fertile, but the Turkish brand has scarred the countryside to the bone. Its towns are plague spots, where scavenger dogs and unclean birds gorge on carcasses in the gutters, and where men are shot down in blood feuds before the doors of consulates. Moslem oppression has ground out industry in its valleys, the latter lying with all their fertility at waste, their people preferring hunger to extortion. The peasantry, almost entirely Bulgarian, cannot know in the morning what manner of avarice or lust or revenge may not bring the so-called Government, or its rivals in brutality, the Albanian brigands, around their ears by noon. A Christian Macedonian with a little land and money, or a handsome wife and daughter, or a hidden hope for liberty, may see all these things torn from him any day, and himself wrecked by torture and thrown into prison for possessing them. When the foreign consuls gathered data of Turkish misrule through Macedonia, they drew up a

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tremendous list of atrocities. The list is made of colorless facts, and no clearer idea of Macedonia's condition could be offered than by quotations from it. These are some extracts from the authenticated reports of Bulgarian consuls in 1901. They are chosen because they represent the occurrences of what Turkey has called a "year of normal tranquillity."

In August, 1901, at Lozengrade, a village of Adrianople, nine Bulgarian teachers were arrested on a simple suspicion (of revolutionary tendencies) and tortured with heated eggs in armpits. Two of them were then taken to a hospital and thence despatched in a carriage to a destination unknown. The linen of the victims was afterward sent to a laundry, stained with blood and shredded flesh.

February 6, at Koumanova, a village of Uskul, a Turk named Pocho fired a pistol on a Bulgarian wedding party and killed the bride. Priests and teachers saved the assassin from being torn to pieces by the wedding party. He was not prosecuted by the authorities.

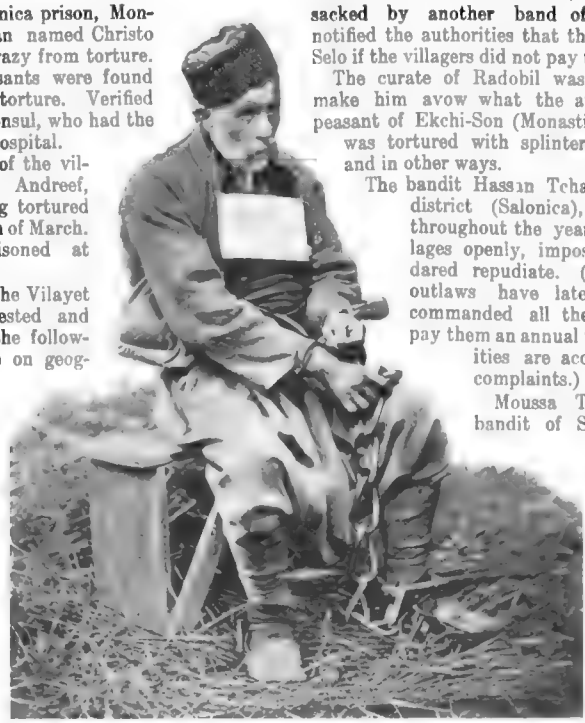
At Seres, in Salonica, and generally throughout southern Macedonia, the *gendarmerie*, composed of Albanians and Circassians, were let loose on the Bulgarian population to prosecute alleged revolutionists. The inhabitants of many villages fled into the forests. Two peasants of Gavolentzi went crazy in prison after being tortured.

March 7. The occupants of the three Bulgarian houses in Azor Mahale were massacred by agents of Ahmed Pasha.

March 12. In Salonica prison, Monastir-Keni, a Bulgarian named Christo Kadji Popoff went crazy from torture. Many Bulgarian peasants were found there, half dead from torture. Verified by the German vice-consul, who had the victims removed to a hospital.

A prominent man of the village of Nered, Spass Andreef, went crazy after being tortured during the entire month of March. He was then imprisoned at Bitolia (Monastir).

Three teachers of the Vilayet of Monastir were arrested and tried for possessing the following books: A treatise on geography by Smirnoff, the journal of a scholar by DeAmici and an A, B, C primer. It may be added that the hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," is heinous sedition, as are the mere words "Macedonia" and "Armenia." The text, "Everybody Loves His Country," was censured in a local copy-book, and the words for patriotism, native country, liberty, revolt, complaint, majority, justice, etc., are rigorously proscribed. A child's story-book was once excluded from Turkish Europe because a dog in it went by the name of "Turk."



A SUSPECTED MACEDONIAN REVOLUTIONIST.

At Kessandra (Salonica), a detachment of gendarmes bound all the men of the village and then assaulted all of the women and little girls.

A peasant of Boyantchitza, imprisoned with others prominent in his village, was beaten until the flesh peeled from the bones of his legs. Others were tortured with heated eggs and irons. A woman and a girl were assaulted in the street and exposed naked to public view. These crimes were perpetrated by gendarmes, regularly officered. The same detachment maltreated twenty villagers of Ressovo (Tikvech), of whom one died while being beaten. The gendarmes had previously extorted 100 Turkish pounds from the village as ransom for the victims. During March, hundreds of peasants were tortured and left without any aid. Mr. Padel, the German vice-consul at Salonica, travelled over this district and verified these facts.

In the district of Doiran, Salonica, the Bey Ali Mehmed put a tax on marriages and forbade any marriage without his permission. Villagers of Assandjoilo who found courage to complain were denounced as having hidden revolutionists, and the curate and chief men were tortured. Teachers were burned with hot irons, and the curate went mad under blows.

During March the young Bulgarian girls of Kratova were carried off by Turks and forcibly converted to Islamism. The authorities knew the criminals, but did not prosecute them.

During April, the villages of Lebnitza and Idomie (Tikvech) were attacked and pillaged by brigands under the notorious Monarem. Tzerovo was also sacked by another band of Albanians, who then notified the authorities that they would attack Novo-Selo if the villagers did not pay the brigand tax.

The curate of Radobil was burned with irons to make him avow what the authorities dictated. A peasant of Ekchi-Son (Monastir), in prison at Lerina, was tortured with splinters thrust under his nails and in other ways.

The bandit Hassan Tchaouck, of the Logodina district (Salonica), operated unmolested throughout the year and lived in the villages openly, imposing taxes which none dared repudiate. (Three other privileged outlaws have lately appeared and have commanded all the well-to-do villages to pay them an annual tribute. As the authorities are accomplices there are no complaints.)

Moussa Tchaouck, a notorious bandit of Salonica, who was imprisoned six years ago for murder, decided to build himself a chateau at Gorbavetza (Tikvech), and forced peasants to furnish the labor and building materials without pay. He was protected by the local governor.

Selim Pasha Sevrioff, Governor of Aha-Tchelebi, who

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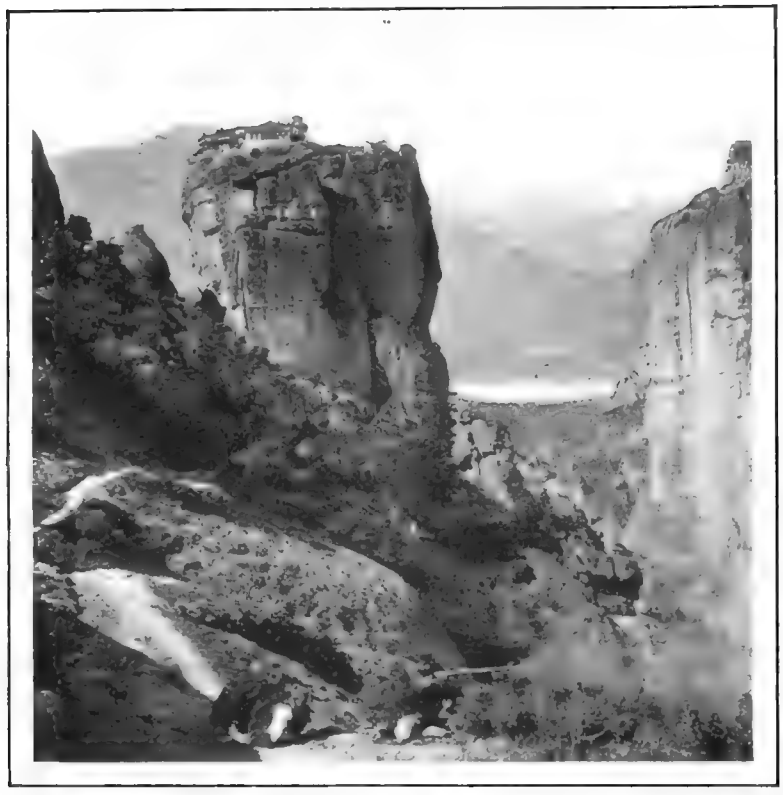

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SKIRMISHING NEAR THE ST. TRINITY MELEORA MONASTERY, NORTHERN GREECE.

served fifteen years in prison for murdering his wife's father, and who took part in the Batak massacre of 1876, has made himself rich by blackmailing the Bulgarian population. He now owns 15,000 head of cattle. Any one refusing his demands is sent in irons to Adrianople, where thirty-six were imprisoned in 1901, after Selim Pasha had tortured them.

THE MACEDONIAN MACHINE.

The machine, working for the freedom of Macedonia from these oppressions, has a noteworthy history and an invincible, invisible system which may be described as the work of a torpedo is defined by observation of a line of foam and a submarine explosion. Of its history and methods since Sarafoff made it formidable in 1899 it is possible to establish these facts:

When Sarafoff welded a handful of local revolutionary committees into the Macedonian Committee and became president of its inner council, he established a policy in two parts for fighting the Turk. The first principle was that a guerrilla war must be waged tirelessly in which all Macedonia should be finally forced to join. But a guerrilla war against the Turks would never reach anywhere of itself. Therefore the second principle followed: that the Balkans must be embroiled and mutilated in such a shocking way that the Powers would be forced to attend to the Turk. This is the principle which is desperate and relentless, and which wounds Macedonia as deeply as it wounds the Turk. It has been named "Sarafoffism" in Europe. Its only excuse is fierce enthusiasm for liberty, but it is for liberty bought at a price as heavy to the Christian as to the Moslem.

Sarafoff began at once, in 1899, on elaborate plans for the realization of his vendetta against the Turks. He perfected the system of committee agents and spies through Macedonia, and instilled the principle which has since made him and his organization so shadowy and sinister that the machine must move always in the dark. Soon Turkish officials in Macedonia began to be disturbed by rumors of unrest. There was a vague whisper through the country that the time for the great uprising had come.

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Men and arms were said to be collected in retreats that Sarafoff in his youthful explorations had discovered. The governors and rulers of the provinces redoubled precautions, but in spite of their vigilance, rifles and powder trickled through the passes from Bulgaria into Macedonia and in Macedonia evaded all search by the Mussulman *gendarmerie*. There was also a secret postal service which carried all revolutionary mail between Bulgaria and Macedonia with far more despatch than the Turkish Government

A MACEDONIAN FAMILY.

could follow. But the Macedonian committee was only massing its resources and holding back the first blow until all of the funds which had slipped into sympathetic Bulgaria from unofficial Russia had slipped on into Macedonia in the shape of arms and ammunition.

The Turkish diplomatic agent at Sofia, in Bulgaria, and the Turkish Governor of Solonica, taking alarm at the rumors of the machine at work, had sent off couriers at breakneck for Constantinople. But the first blow had fallen before these functionaries' premonitions had reached Adrianople.

Sarafoff at last had thrown down the glove. The border passes forthwith gave up armed guerrilla bands, which sallied nimbly down into Macedonia and opened their campaign in Sarafoff's pre-presidential style of strike and get away. His bands slipped through Monastir Vilayet, only visible when they swooped down in forays on Turkish towns. Villagers of Zelenitche were beaten by a Turkish prefect and forty Bashi Bazouks, who thought they could thus learn the whereabouts of certain Sarafoff raiders. Later they ran into the revolutionists, who in four hours' fighting killed them to a man.

The whole of the countryside was stirred by this beginning. Desperadoes took up the fight and extracted much private profit from it. The Albanian brigands, co-religionists of the Sultan, made capital out of the growing confusion by levying on Christian and Moslem alike, and by demanding concessions which they shrewdly guessed the Sultan would not refuse them then. The Mirdate clan in Scutari clamored for the return of their chief, detained in Constantinople. The Arnautes, to force the release of some of their people imprisoned at Ipek, kidnapped the Turkish officials there. In Scutari all communication with Constantinople was cut off and the riffraff Turkish soldiers sent to deal with the Albanians did not dare to meet them.

Sarafoff's committee used the general disturbance to pass rifles over the border. New *commandoes* were armed and sent down among the Turkish villages.

It has always been a principle of Sarafoff's policy that all Bulgarian Macedonia—3,000,000 strong—must support his movement. He wanted money and men. If they came to him voluntarily, well and good. If not, he would take them. When a Macedonian showed an unpatriotic desire to stay clear of the revolution the invisible machine of the Macedonian committee would catch him in its phantom wheels and drag from him either his support or his life.

The Committee agents slipped through Macedonia systematically, arming village after village. The villages paid for the rifles and powder whether they wanted them or not, because the already ominous Sarafoff had told them to buy or suffer as traitors to the cause. Macedonians of position were approached for subscriptions of money in the name of Sarafoff's organization. If they hesitated they received unpleasant

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reminders in the most intimate parts of their homes—letters and daggers in rooms whose doors were always locked, perhaps. It was seldom that a Macedonian stood this sinister pressure long. In the one case in ten where there was resistance, invariably a violent death followed. Seldom was there much discussion of this. One heard the name of Sarafoff—and it was not a name to shout about.

SARAFOFF'S DARK DEEDS.

If the Powers would not notice Turkey's atrocities in Macedonia, Sarafoff would manufacture atrocities that they would look at. This is the dark chapter in the man's history. Indeed, he succeeded so well that he became the Sultan's scapegoat in his periodic denials of inhumanity. When a peculiarly brutal outbreak takes place against the Christians to-day, the Turks are as likely as not to say, "It is Sarafoff's men, who will pretend, of course, that it was we who did it." While the Turks are no more humane to-day than they were when the Bulgarian consuls made out their list of atrocities, the Sarafoff Committee is not guiltless of exciting them to murder and rape and plunder. It is not that the Macedonian Committee is directly responsible for Turkish atrocities, but that by striking the Turks through their noncombatants and their religion they have roused them to retaliate the more cruelly.

As an example, in the Raselog district men of the Committee murdered a considerable number of Turks, as usual without leaving a trace of their identity. They attained their object, no doubt, when the Turk struck back in the familiar Turkish style among the helpless Bulgarian peasantry.

The Moslem village of Dospat was raided by Bulgarian revolutionists, who were disappointed in their errand when no retaliation followed. The Mosque at Salonica was profaned and pillaged. This resulted in a grave state of affairs, for the Sultan gave the Turks quick permission to arm "in the defense of their religion," and a general massacre of Christians seemed for a time inevitable.

One instance of a Sarafoff's *coup* touches the United States nearly. It was an outrage which succeeded, as Sarafoff no doubt meant it to, in turning the eyes of the civilized world to Macedonia and in gaining a fair revolutionary fund. Miss Ellen Stone furnished the opportunity.

The Christian missionaries in Macedonia have never doubted that the American woman's capture was the work of the Sarafoff Committee, and have expressed that belief, although in sympathy with the more conservative work of the revolutionists. The Bulgarian troops who pursued the brigands believed the same, and the Turkish gendarmes who hunted the kidnappers through the mountains found them marvellously like the elusive Sarafoff guerrillas. The negotiations for ransom were carried on by the brigands as stealthily and adroitly as the work of the Macedonian Committee was ever done. The brigands had an eye in every town and a spy even in New York. It was hardly then the work of an isolated band, and no more probably the work of the Turks, though Sarafoff would have liked the world to believe that. At any rate, the ransom was paid and the world heard of it, which was the object of the *coup*. This example of the lengths to which the Committee is likely to go is no doubt the most striking to Americans.

TYPE OF REVOLUTIONIST IN MACEDONIA.

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Since Sarafoff began his work as head of the Macedonian Committee in 1899 there have been changes in that organization. When he was elected to his office he unified and perfected the organization according to his lights. Because he was an unscrupulous man, and would stop at nothing to gain his ends, the Revolutionary Committee became so terrible, so dangerous, as to frighten and horrify immeasurably the country it was to save. Behind Sarafoff there were other men, less fiery and more conservative. They desired the more respectable, more innocuous measures which Sarafoff had discarded as futile. With him it was "liberty, no matter whom it kills," and his followers were many. But at length the machinery of the system slipped one day and gave the conservatives a chance.

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ONE OF SARAFOFF'S RETREATS.

One of the caves in which the insurgents conceal themselves from the Turks.

While the Committee was spreading its propaganda in Bucharest, Rumania, in 1900, two men were suddenly murdered there. A stranger in Bucharest was brained with a hatchet and a venerable editor was shot through the back while walking with his wife and child in the street. Something was wrong with the machine this time, for the perpetrators were taken and confessed. The stranger had sold the secrets of rifle smuggling by the Committee to Constantinople. The editor had denounced the Committee in his paper. The two victims had been secretly tried by the Inner Council and sentenced to death, the assassins said, by Sarafoff for "disloyalty." As members of the Committee, the murderers had sworn blind obedience, the alternative being death. In the same confession, the prisoners declared that the Kings of Rumania and Servia had been marked by Sarafoff for assassination also. This was to prevent the chance that, should Bulgaria march down to aid Macedonia, Servia and Rumania might invade Bulgaria.

The prisoners were convicted and Sarafoff was sentenced to life imprisonment. Rumania demanded that he be tried in Bulgaria, and forwarded the evidence but not the witnesses. Sarafoff boldly appeared in Sofia from nowhere in particular, stood a six months' trial and was acquitted.

Meanwhile, however, the conservative revolutionists had their chance. Overriding his adherents, they deposed Sarafoff from the presidency. On his release Sarafoff disappeared at once and took with him large numbers of the Macedonian Committee who were not in any way troubled with ideas of conservatism. Suddenly the revolutionary machine resumed its old measured, inexorable action. The explanation was simple. Sarafoff had constructed a new committee.

Working side by side but not together, these two committees of revolutionists were very different machines. The strength was all with Sarafoff, and the fear of him and his agents was as great as of old. So nearly did Sarafoff feel that the reins were all in his hands that he treated with Greece and Servia last year in regard to an alliance, but could not come to an agreement with the two kingdoms as to the partition of the three Macedonian vilayets.

The rising of Macedonia *en masse* is not

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the whole of what Sarafoff has been working for. The rising of the whole country—even 3,000,000 Bulgarians—would hardly require more than another brigade from Constantinople to crush it. The situation which Sarafoff awaits must be conjunctive with his general rising and must lie on the outside. To-day it seems as though it had nearly arrived.

North of Macedonia is Bulgaria, where a million kinsmen of the great Macedonian majority are waiting to march across the border to their aid. The Bulgarian Government, which still pays a yearly tribute to the Sultan, knows this very well. The Bulgarian army and people will slip the leash and be off to a Macedonian revolution in spite of their King. It is a significant thing that King Ferdinand has left Sofia for the Black Sea, as though to wash his hands of what his people may do.

It is not to Bulgaria alone that Sarafoff turns for aid, however. A confederation of Macedonia and Bulgaria would make a short campaign for the Sultan to worry over, and Servia and Greece besides could not sink the balance. It is Russia toward which the Sarafoff Committee turns this spring.

Russia has recognized the atrocities in Macedonia by uniting with Austria in a demand for reforms by the Sultan. It would be impossible, besides, for the latter to do what Russia and Austria have asked and avoid trouble with his Albanians, who will fight every concession to the Bulgarian Christians. Also, it is not reforms of that sort which Sarafoff wants: it is conditions which will force the Powers to make the reforms themselves by taking Macedonia from the Turk. Sarafoff believes that Russia, which in 1876 rescued all the northern Balkans, save Macedonia, from Constantinople, will follow Bulgaria down across the border when Macedonia rises again.

Now, Sarafoff and the leaders of the conservative committee have struck hands at last. The time is ripe for the final *coup*, and they will work together. The machine is clanking on as it used to, but more swiftly and noisily now than ever before.

Meanwhile the Powers are as active. Turkey has ordered the suspension of all pay to civilian officials, so that every possible revenue may turn to her war department. The Turkish Asiatic reserves are being mobilized, brigade after brigade, and the Krupps have been paid for their guns at last and are sending them on to the Dardanelles. Russia is clearing the way for a dash toward the Bosphorus and massing her Muscovites by the hundred thousand. Austria's army is unquiet. Servia, almost without funds, has arranged to purchase 45,000,000 rifle cartridges at once.

Without the Macedonian Committee these things would not have happened; without it they would not be so eminently and gravely menacing to-day. That, then, is the work of Boris Sarafoff and his machine. Before it is done it may well mean new history and new maps for Europe.

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MACEDONIAN FIGHTERS FOR FREEDOM FROM TURKISH MISRULE.

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THE MEN WHO MADE THE STEEL TRUST.

By David Graham Phillips.

Mr. Morgan.

Photographed by Hemment.

NONE of us—not even the plethoric tenants of the best suites in the House of Have, not even the turbulent wranglers in the tap-room of the House of Have-Not—can grasp the meaning of figures of seven or more places. What does "a million" mean? Nothing definite to the pitifully finite human mind; it is little more than a sonorous phrase. Further, only a few of us are in any direct and definite way related to the United States Steel Corporation as a business enterprise. Therefore, much—one might almost say, most—that has been written and spoken about the Steel Trust by its friends, by its foes and by those who like to show their familiarity with "current topics" has had little use or value beyond serving to pass the time and to stir purposelessly, but perhaps harmlessly, the emotions of wonder, envy, fear, indignation, admiration.

An institution is valuable beyond the circle of its direct influence in so far as it furnishes the world with two kinds of knowledge—knowledge of personalities, knowledge of ideas. A man and an idea—those are the two abiding subjects for human thought; and usually they resolve into an idea studied through a man.

The Steel Colossus presents a succession of ideas illustrated by a succession of remarkable men:

I. INDUSTRY—PHIPPS.

Officially, the Steel Trust is two years old—in the second quarter of its third year. Actually, it is forty-two years old, "going on" forty-three. For it began forty-two years ago in that humbleness in which all things have their beginnings, and in which the lowly but vital virtue of patient, assiduous, unimaginative industry exercises itself without distraction, and so lays the only foundations that are permanent.

In 1860, while events were electing Lincoln President and so were forcing a tariff that, among other consequences, would enable every intelligent iron-manufacturer to grow rich, there was in the suburbs of Allegheny, Pa., a small forge and smithy run by "Kloman & Company." In a modest way Kloman & Company were doing a prosperous business. But it would have continued to be a very modest way had not Kloman, unable to keep the accounts straight, cast about for a bookkeeper. He chanced upon a youth named Henry Phipps, who had graduated from errand boy into salesman and then into bookkeeper at a commission store in Pittsburg. Phipps lived in Allegheny, but he was three sloppy miles from the Kloman forge. Kloman couldn't afford to hire a bookkeeper outright. So Phipps, after his day's work and a hasty dinner, was saved from the consequences of haste in eating by a toilsome tramp of three miles to Kloman's and three miles back again when the Kloman accounts were straightened. This daily walk is usually credited to Mr. Phipps' account with hardship. The fact, of course, is that it gave him health and strength, not to speak of its value in training him to persistence.

The next year the firm had become Kloman & Phipps and had removed to Pittsburg, and had there started a small iron mill. The United States Steel Corporation was now fairly under way. It must have had a material capital of $15,000 or $20,000. And it had secured its first man—Phipps.

Phipps knew how to work, to work hard, to work intelligently. And he was only twenty-two years old. He would have done well in any business. In the iron business, rapidly becoming the foundation business of civilization, he would have got rich had there been no tariff. But with the big tariff, so adroitly obtained by Simon Cameron, the original "boss," Phipps was certain of enormous wealth. All he had

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to do was to stick at his business and not resist its determination to grow and to make him grow with it. And presently he took in a friend, a man of his own sort—Thomas Carnegie. He, too, was young; he, too, was not afraid to work; he, too, had intelligence and the capacity not to resist growth—a rare capacity that, by the way, in a race which dearly loves to quit when the whistle blows and to spend as much time as possible at things that are called "fun" chiefly because they bring in nothing useful or valuable.

The Steel Trust's first lucky day was when Kloman attached Phipps to the tiny smithy whose clamor was presently to fill the industrial world from Pittsburg round to Pittsburg again. The Steel Trust's second lucky day was when Phipps attached Tom Carnegie.

But, not to anticipate, Carnegie and Phipps expanded rapidly. Relatively, there were never better years for iron men who "knew how" than those war years. If Carnegie and Phipps had not been hampered by lack of capital, they would have got rich straightway. But even energetic industry, unless it has audacity, can not overcome lack of capital. And Tom Carnegie and Phipps were only energetic and industrious. "Thorough" was their motto, and "Safe" their creed. The mill grew slowly and steadily as hundreds of others were growing, as thousands of businesses that will never yield more than a handsome competence to their cautious, hard-working owners are growing to-day.

Photographed by Histed, Dover.

HENRY PHIPPS.
"Industry."

II. AUDACITY—CARNEGIE.

It was in 1865 that the luck in the acquisition of Tom Carnegie appeared.

He had a brother, Andrew—a hard-working youth, but over-impatient and over-enthusiastic. A speculator rather than a business man. A person of large ambitions, of boundless self-confidence, of the boldest audacity in "putting destiny to the test"—when his underlying Scotch canniness assured him that the chances to win were more than even. It would be an interesting but neither a kind nor a profitable speculation to try to imagine how much trouble this combination of qualities might have brewed for Andrew Carnegie had he not had the good fortune to fall in with Phipps. But as he did fall in with Phipps and got into no trouble whatever, he can protest that he would have done as well without Phipps—and none can gainsay him.

Andrew Carnegie was a protégé of Tom Scott's—Scott, as all the world knows, was the able, the interesting, the highly unusual and even picturesque original great man of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Scott had the generous acuteness that recognizes superior merit, the generous courage that helps it, the generous wisdom that uses it. As soon as ever Scott got to know Andrew Carnegie—and Andrew was not one to neglect any opportunity to impress himself upon such a valuable and potential acquaintance as Tom Scott—he began to encourage him, to promote him, to employ his expanding talents to their highest capacity. It was through Scott that Carnegie got into several profitable speculations. It was through Scott that he got into the business of manufacturing iron—as owner of the Cyclops Mill.

But whether because Andrew was too divided, what with his railway position, his speculations and his mill, or because he was not steady, patient and plodding enough for a manufacturer, the Cyclops Mill was no more successful after he took it than before—and it was a dead failure before. As his brother, Tom, and Phipps were prospering in the same line, Andrew made overtures to them for a junction of forces. They did not want the Cyclops Mill, but they did need capital—and Andrew had it.

In the spring of 1865 they united under the name of the Union Iron Mills Company. Phipps was twenty-six years old; Andrew Carnegie was twenty-eight. Andrew Carnegie put in $50,000 in cash and that got him forty per cent. of the new concern. But he was the majority stockholder, the remaining sixty per cent. being equally divided between Phipps, brother Tom, and blacksmith Kloman.

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It was a lucky day for the Steel Trust when Kloman found Phipps, but not for Kloman. For, as soon as he became really prosperous he showed that he was an accident—one of those melancholy instruments which Fate uses until they break, when she carelessly and instantly flings them aside.

And now began an era of swift progress. There was the tariff. There was the enormous expansion of the country in building, especially in building railways. There was the multiplication of the uses for iron and its products. And there were Phipps and Andrew Carnegie in partnership, with

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.
"Audacity."

His affairs got into a tangle and he had to sell out his interest in the potential Steel Colossus to his partners. If he had never seen Phipps he would never have had the most mournful of all experiences—the personal experience that whatever goes up must come down, and may come down and live on, bruised and battered.

the great sickle, forged of their combined and admirably supplementary talents, cutting ever wider and wider swaths in the ripened and vast fields.

Phipps had skill; Carnegie had audacity. Phipps deepened Carnegie; Carnegie broadened Phipps. Phipps made ever more and cheaper steel; Carnegie discovered ever

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GEORGE W. PERKINS.
Chairman of Finance Committee of the U. S. Steel Corporation.

HENRY H. ROGERS.
Director of the U. S. Steel Corporation.

ELBERT H. GARY.
Chairman of Executive Committee of the U. S. Steel Corporation.

more and better markets. Phipps had the caution that finds the money when the money is needed; Carnegie had the courage that stakes everything on coups that look bold, but are, rather, well thought out—indeed, they are bold also, for few as are the men who have judgment, fewer still are they with the courage of it. Greatness is in the combination of philosopher and man of action, of the eye that sees and the heart that dares. These two men soon had so developed each the other that both possessed this combination of qualities.

III. IMAGINATION—CARNEGIE AND PHIPPS.

Wherein lay Carnegie's superiority?

"In that he owned twice as much as either of his partners" is detraction's instant and plausible reply.

But that does not answer the question, though it seems to do so. In fact, it merely throws the inquiry a step back. How came it that he had the capital to buy twice as much as either of them? To say, "Because Tom Scott gave him the opportunity" is still not an answer to the original question. The real answer lies in the reason for Tom Scott's selecting him out of hundreds—his audacity.

Mr. Schwab said not long ago, "Put velocity enough into a candle and it will pierce an oak plank." True, but it will not appear on the other side in very good condition itself. So, audacity unaccompanied by the qualities that strengthen and toughen and tighten the fiber is a perilous possession—perilous to its possessor, perilous to all about him. But Andrew Carnegie had the other qualities plus audacity. And that is the reason why we hear most of him, less of Phipps—too little of the latter for his merits.

And now Carnegie—a rich man, though still a young man—developed that highest of all qualities, imagination. To Phipps, probably, belongs most of the credit for wise manufacture and orderly system and ever-widening reach in the control of the iron from mine to market. But to Carnegie belongs the credit for lifting the business up from merely a great business to an extraordinary work of the imagination.

While Phipps, like Tom Carnegie, stayed closely by the business—not too closely, for Phipps was then as now a man of broad and curious mind—Andrew Carnegie travelled constantly, had his keen eyes into everything, everywhere, had always in action his patent pumping apparatus for extracting in a few quick strokes all the information the latest acquaintance had patiently acquired. He dreamed great dreams. He, standing aloof from his business, saw the whole of it—saw it critically, saw it imaginatively, saw what ought to be done, saw what might be done.

Pittsburg was rapidly filling with millionaires and men of smaller but large fortunes. There were among them persons of all

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mental degrees—the reckless, the stingy; the careful, the careless; those who thrive by the inscrutable irony of fate that loves to confound the maxims by now and then lifting up a fool and clapping a crown on his hollow skull. And also, Pittsburg was the centre of great businesses—many of them were and are really vast, and would be famous were it not for the Carnegie-Phipps Mount Everest.

And there you see the effect of imagination.

The Carnegie-Phipps Company; Carnegie Brothers; the Carnegie Steel Company; the Carnegie Company—each of those changes of name represents a higher flight of the imagination of the two men whose personalities formed the brain of the incorporated person who mined iron and coal and quarried stone and bored for natural gas, who built and operated steamship and railway lines, waterworks, telephone and telegraph systems, who constructed cities and towns, who had an army of laborers officered by millionaires, who bought and sold in every market of the world, who lifted merchandizing in iron from the commonplaceness of barter into the realm of fancy.

Not since the sudden and comparatively large opportunity for the development of individuality which the spirit of liberty produced in the distracted but dazzling Italy of the Middle Ages has there been such an outburst of imagination as this country has at once caused and profited by in the past half-century. Our European critics are the modern counterparts of the Byzantine Greeks who exaggerated culture into the creative faculty and grew so refined that they shuddered at any exhibition of the true creative faculty as coarse and low. They see only sordidness in the wonderful outblazing of imagination that has transformed a mighty continent in a few years. This shows that they are ignorant of the relationship between the renaissance of commerce in medieval Italy and the renaissance of mind—that the renaissance of commerce preceded and caused and created and fostered the renaissance of art and learning. If they were not thus ignorant, they would realize that the highway of commerce is and always has been the only road leading up to Parnassus—and that the charming pathway of culture, so-called, leads from Parnassus downward.

Practically almost all the great commercial and financial organizations of our country, rightly looked at, are products of the imagination. Later and greater Venetians and Florentines and Genoese and Dutch, we of the modern time have been, and are, speeding on the wings of fancy upward toward the loftiest heights of material development whence alone the star-deeps can be clearly seen and boldly explored. Liberty is again producing individuality, and individuality is again producing imagination. And when imagination shall have thoroughly tested its powers upon things material, who can doubt that it will push on to build with the things ethereal?

If there were less thought about capital stock and dividends and more about the mental and moral qualities they vividly, though perhaps coarsely, shadow forth, this truth would be clearly seen by all and doubted by none, instead of being obscured or hidden. And even in Europe there would be fewer of those "cultured" persons who ridiculously confuse the imaginative, creative leaders of commerce with the tricky peddler preying upon rural innocence in the name of commerce.

Andrew Carnegie and, in a less but distinguished degree, Henry Phipps, as a composite imagination, as a composite representative of the development of the imagination at this period in our commercial civilization—that is the important fact in the chapter of the Steel Trust's history entitled, The Carnegie Company.

IV. METHOD—PHIPPS AND CARNEGIE

Imagination is the steed; method is the bit.

Phipps was responsible for the beginnings of method, for the persistence of method, for its expansion to meet the necessities of the expanding corporation. The greatest product of Phipps's method was Carnegie himself—Carnegie as an imagination not less strong because it had learned to be sane.

Look at any vast and complex institution from the outside and it fills you with some such sensation of puzzled awe as a peep into the works of a watch gives a child. But the longer you look, and the more closely, the less you wonder, until presently you tend to the other extreme and are ready to yawn at the simplicity and commonplaceness of a mechanism that at first glance seemed a miracle. Between awe and disdain lies the right mean—admiration.

When the Carnegie had become a "My

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Lord, the Elephant" among industrial corporations, Mr. Carneige said, "Destroy all our plants and facilities and leave me only my organization and I will reproduce the whole in a very few years." There was a tribute equally to himself and to Phipps.

Every vital quality in a success is also perilous. And method is, of vital qualities, perhaps the most perilous. Phipps created and expanded method; Carnegie prevented it from becoming routine. Both are thankless tasks; the latter is also hateful.

Method simply means that things run without friction. And for things to run without friction seems a matter of course. Every cog takes the credit to itself; blames some other cog if there is a hitch. Day by day as the Kloman forge grew toward the Steel Colossus Phipps instantly expanded his organization over each new acquisition or adapted its organization to the general method of its new controller. He did nothing startling, therefore he did nothing to create a sensation. And, as all enterprises which succeed have method, and as all failures are obliterated, there is small opportunity to win credit by inviting comparisons. Nevertheless, Phipps deserves the credit for organization, for method, for shaping Carnegie's imaginative ideas to the requirements of practical conditions, also for teaching rival concerns method, and for adopting the best that was original in their methods—generous interchange of ideas is the peculiar characteristic and glory of American commerce.

Method is perilous because the human animal is a creature of routine, of habit—habit the chief foe of progress and development. To prevent the routine of rust and rut the "shake-up" is necessary, and to get the "shake-up" there must be the "shaker-up." He is never thanked or appreciated; and the more energetic and capable he is in saving good men from themselves, in rooting out bad influences, in vivifying the organization and clearing it of old-age germs, the more cordially is he hated. All seems to be going well. Suddenly he swoops—an inflexible, plain-spoken, apparently capricious person, with a frown for excuses, a shrug for apologies. "Change that!" "Discharge this fellow!" "Raise that man's salary, but reprimand him for this error!" "Better business than last year? What of that? Reverse your whole policy!"

As has been said, Carnegie did not roost in the tree that was growing up into the Steel Trust. He would sit afar off, on the rail-fence, apparently idly watching the spaders and waterers and trimmers and caterpillar-killers, all desperately at work, with the sweat streaming. Presently he would descend from his rail-perch, catch up a great club and lay frantically about him. Bruised skulls here; broken skulls there; corpses yonder; fellows with raw heads and aching bones, crawling rapidly into the cover of the tall grass; imprecations filling the air. A scene of peaceful industry transformed into a shambles. Grinning grimly at his club, Carnegie would stroll back to his rail-perch, usually Skibo; and quiet would gradually return, wounds would be healed, vanities anointed and soothed, the tall grass would give up its trembling tenants. And once more the work would go forward—brisker, better, bigger, broader. And every one would say: "Well, it's amazing how the shebang keeps on, in spite of the old man."

Phipps for method; Carnegie for the "shake-up." And the great institution grew; the currents of health flowed through every artery to the tiniest capillary. Of course it produced quantities of millionaires—how could it fail to produce them? But that is unimportant beside the fact that it, equally inevitably, produced leaders. A heap of wealth is significant only as the mark of a man. This institution, purporting to produce pig-iron and steel billets and the like, in fact produced character and characters. It dealt in and with every phase of human nature. And all the men from Carnegie down were its products.

And what is true of this one institution is true of all such institutions. Every organization on earth, no matter what it alleges as its purpose, is primarily a character factory. And character is the joint product of method and "shake-up."

V. STABILITY—MORGAN.

What is the idea of which the name "J. Pierpont Morgan" is the symbol?

Some would answer—Plutocracy. Others would say—Power. Others would call it—Arrogance. Others would call it—Glorified Speculation. One description of it, a favorite description, has been—The Combination Principle.

But all these names are mere surface views

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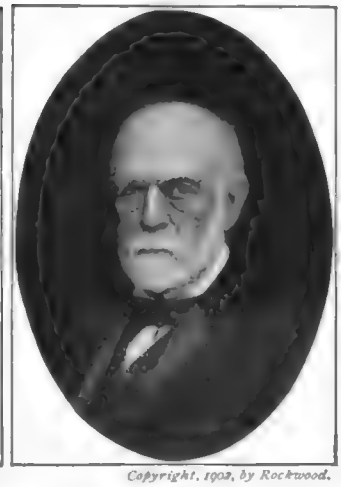
HENRY CLAY FRICK.



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THE LATE ABRAM S. HEWITT.

Photographed by Falk.

JOHN W. GATES.

of the man, justified or unjustified names for characteristics which he may or may not possess. The heart of the matter is exposed when you give him his true title—Master of Millionaires.

Why does Morgan go clucking about with millionaires surrounding him, like a hen with her huge family of chickens? Why do the chickens huddle so closely in his huge shadow?

Partly for wealth-worms; chiefly for safety.

Morgan represents the idea Stability. And Stability is the bright vision of a land flowing with milk and honey that haunts and delights the troubled sleep of all the tenants of the House of Have, from the humble basement- or attic-lodger, with his little savings-bank account, to the corpulent plutocrat who eats his crackers and drinks his cup of hot water in the best private dining-room. Stability is a mild longing with the humble fellow; with the millionaire it is a passion that grows stronger with each million that is added to the nestful upon which he uneasily broods. All millionaires have this passion; as they grow older it becomes a mania. It possesses the boldest and the timidest alike. The generous have it for the sake of their heirs or beneficiaries; the grasping have it for the sake of themselves. The Standard Oil millionaire, with a horror of speculation so keen that at no stage of his gambling career did he gamble until he had marked the cards and loaded the dice to assure the event of the game—he naturally craves stability. And the speculating millionaire, even the Gates-Drake type, passionately desires a firm ground of stability upon which he may stand while he indulges his taste for gambling—on "velvet."

The millionaire rose by instability—by sharp competitions, by fluctuations in markets, by all those uncertainties which enable the courageous or the far-sighted to outstrip the less courageous or less farseeing. But arrived, he longs to kick away the ladder by which he climbed. Only thus can he prevent raids upon his roost; only thus can he win peace and tranquil possession for his old age and for his heirs.

Stability means steady prices, steady dividends and interest, undisturbed possession for the stockholder without the necessity of acute and alert watchfulness which under competitive conditions is the sole safeguard against being ousted. Stability means industrial millionaires as permanent as were the real estate nobles of all nations in the old days and of many European nations in our day.

In the Steel Trust, Morgan has attempted to realize the dream of Stability—has attempted to clip the wings and tame the inconstant spirit of industrial wealth.

He has applied the basic idea of his personality to every department of activity he has touched. But the core of his effort is the Steel Trust. Iron is the warp upon which our material civilization is woven. To keep iron steady is to keep the woof firm. The object of the Steel Trust is to control—not to monopolize, not to exploit, but to control—iron and its products. The Steel Colossus was created to stand as the great arbiter

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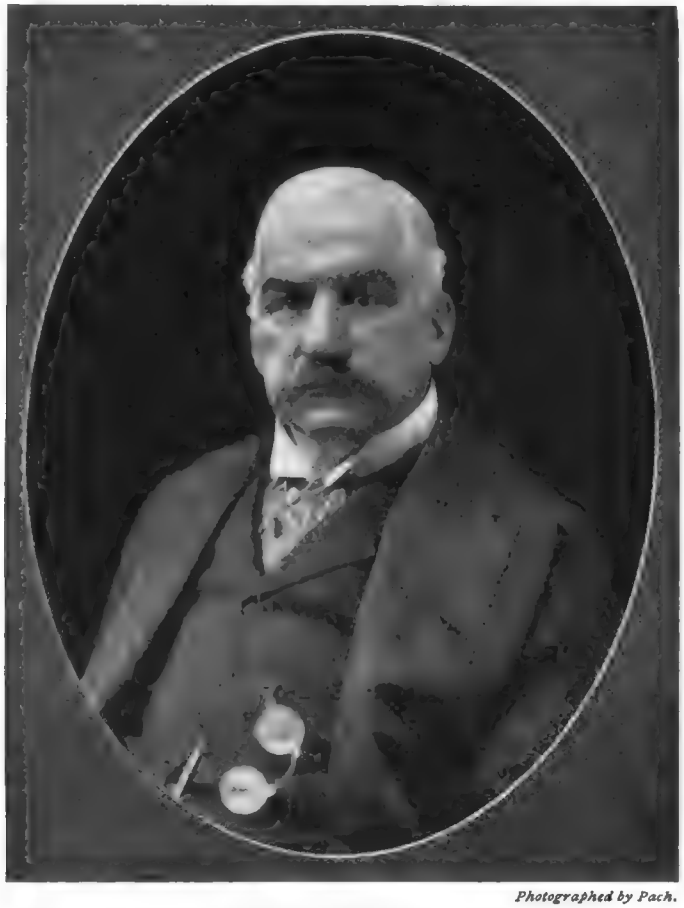
between supply and demand, the great steadier of prices and conserver of values and regulator of competition. The Steel Trust is the colossal embodiment of the idea Stability.

It became possible, perhaps inevitable, when competing interests, ever strengthening themselves that they might remain on an equality or might gain superiority, or not

With practically equal resources, with equal hopes—and fears, with equal intelligences—and vanities, they said each to the other: "You must die!" And then Morgan, who was responsible for several of the vast corporations constituting the Rockefeller-Moore-Gates "combine," stepped between them and pronounced the magic word "Stability!" Each giant



Photographed by Pach.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

"Stability."

be crushed, had grown to enormous proportions by successive consolidations, when they had merged into two huge giants that faced each the other for a death struggle which would have convulsed our whole social system with its threshings and agonies.

One giant was the Carnegie Company; the other the Rockefeller-Moore-Gates "combine," modeled upon and produced by the Carnegie.

pricked his ears; each dropped his club. They amicably swallowed each the other, and emerged the Steel Colossus, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," the peacefulest creature that ever laid aside his club —within easy reach—while he ate his dinner.

To show how literal this figurative account of the truce is:

Mr. Carnegie saw that his coöperating rivals were entering his field, were cutting off

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his markets, were supplying each other with what they had formerly bought from him; saw that they had learned the Carnegie-Phipps and Phipps-Carnegie recipe of industry, audacity, imagination and method. His theory of peace was Napoleonic: "You wish to talk peace? Excellent! We will talk it as we march with my army toward your capital!" His rivals were building rolling-mills and blast furnaces to make their own raw materials for steel tubes. He announced that he had bought the land and engaged the forces for the building of the greatest tube-works in the world—twelve millions as the advance guard of the army of attack. His rivals, sitting in the directories of railways connecting Pittsburg with the coast, were making freight rates for his products that did not please him. He announced that he was building a parallel line of railway between Pittsburg and the sea; that he would make it the finest in the world.

And his rivals discovered that both announcements were true.

Either project as a threat would have been alarming. The two together as imminent and assured accomplishments produced a panic. And a panic among millionaires, while hard to produce, is, when once under way, just as much of a panic as is a panic among geese. They ran this way and that; they hid one behind another; they filled the newspapers with their squawkings; they reproached, implored, accused each other. At last they ran to their master—Morgan. And he negotiated with Carnegie.

It was the latter part of 1900. In the spring of the previous year Mr. Carnegie had been so willing to retire that he had given Mr. Frick an option on his holdings—and had pocketed the $1,170,000 forfeit money when Mr. Frick was unable to raise the necessary $157,950,000. When Mr. Morgan came to him, or, to be accurate, to his agent, Mr. Carnegie said that the same holdings were now worth about $500,000,000.

Is a man's property worth what he holds it at? Then Mr. Carnegie was right. Is it worth what he can sell it for to an intelligent buyer? Then, again, Mr. Carnegie was right. For, when Mr. Morgan and his friends saw that the alternative to purchase was war to the death with a man of audacity and imagination, backed by the most splendid organization in the whole industrial world, they bought Mr. Carnegie's property at his own valuation.

And so the Kloman seed had at last become the Morgan tree, vast as that which filled Nebuchadnezzar's dream.

The net earnings of the Steel Trust in 1902 were about $135,000,000. Of these Mr. Carnegie got about $16,000,000; more than a hundred millionaires with large holdings and a multitude of small holders divided $56,000,000 in dividends. The Steel Trust means a charter that gives it the right to engage in any business whatsoever anywhere under the sun except that it may not dig a canal or operate a railway in its parent state, New Jersey. It means $700,000,000 in mines, $300,000,000 in plants, $100,000,000 in coal, coke and natural gas fields, $80,000,000 in railways, steamships, steamboats and barges, $7,000,000 in limestone quarries, $50,000,000 in blast furnaces, $150,000,000 in cash. It means an army of 175,000 workers, $125,000,000 annually in wages and salaries. It means upward of 300 separate enterprises combined in a sort of federal union, with efficiency maintained by a species of internal competition. It means—— But it is of small consequence what it means unless it means Stability.

Morgan has rallied the influential American multi-millionaires, all to the support of his idea—industrial millionaires like Rockefeller and Marshall Field and Henry C. Frick, philanthropic millionaires like Carnegie and the late Abram S. Hewitt, railway and telegraph millionaires, steamship millionaires, mercantile and banking millionaires, the conservatives and the gamblers, the honest and the bandit, the ancestral and the self-made.

All banded together here for Stability.

He has proclaimed long-service pensions and stock-purchasing opportunities to employees, to win them to promote Stability. And he has proclaimed low prices and publicity of accounts to win the public to cooperation in Stability.

In a universe of incessant changes, incessant swing and seesaw, in a world of incessantly conflicting passions and ambitions, in a democratic society of incessantly aggressive individualities, multitudinous and multiplying—Stability!

And whatever may come to pass, you may be sure it will not be anything predicted by the divers Daniels who have tried to forecast the fate of Nebuchadnezzar Morgan's great tree—Stability.

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A LAWYER'S DUTY WITH A BAD CASE.

By Frederick Trevor Hill,

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," Etc.

THE late Benjamin Butler is credited with an assertion to the effect that it is more meritorious for a lawyer to win a case in which he disbelieves than to uphold a cause of whose justness he is convinced. Possibly the gentleman never made this statement, but certainly his whole legal career was in accord with its sentiments.

WHAT DO LAWYERS MEAN BY "A BAD CASE"?

SOME years ago in New York, a man by the name of Henri Carnal, who was boarding with a family in Dey Street, attempted to kill two of the household, and did actually murder another in trying to escape. The crime was proved beyond a shadow of doubt and no testimony was offered on behalf of the prisoner. There was not the slighest excuse for the criminal, and not a palliating circumstance connected with his act. And yet the defense of this case was forced upon a lawyer in good standing, and when after a legal contest lasting many years he succeeded in freeing the man by insisting on the letter of the law, his achievement received more praise than blame from the legal profession.

Does this argue that lawyers are less morally sensitive than other people, or that they have less appreciation of the ethical fitness of things? Not at all. The profession may be just as black as it is painted—perhaps it is even blacker—but cases like the one above recited supply neither proof nor illustration of its deficiencies.

There is nothing startling in the statement that the criminal law encourages lawyers to undertake bad cases. All persons accused of crime are, of course, entitled to be tried according to law, and the courts are empowered to assign members of the bar to the defense of any prisoner unrepresented by counsel. Lawyers are ex-officio officers of the court, and they have no right to refuse such duty if it be required of them. Disobedience would subject any attorney to severe penalties. Thus it sometimes happens that a lawyer finds himself representing a client for whom he has no sympathy and a case which he knows is bad both in point of fact and in point of law. A striking instance of this occurred in the career of Mr. Butler, the reputed author of the sentiments first quoted, when he was assigned to the defense of Carey, who murdered Heywood, Mr. Butler's personal friend.

It is important to remember that lawyers assigned to the defense of prisoners receive no compensation of any kind, except in murder cases, and then only in the event of acquittal. Yet it is a fact that many of these assigned cases are among the most fiercely contested cases recorded in the books. The explanation of all this is not to be found in moral obtuseness or perversity. Men do not spend days, months and sometimes years of their lives battling for murderers and felons without compensation solely from a desire to shield the guilty.

WHEN THE DEFENSE OF A BAD CASE IS JUSTIFIABLE.—INSTANCES.

THE principle at stake is, of course, the uniform and orderly administration of justice, which is far more important to the community at large than the conviction of any particular individual or the punishment of any particular offense. Therefore the law calls for and rightly commands the services of men of legal training to preserve the safeguards of life and liberty. Of course the number of criminal cases handled by attorneys assigned by the court is comparatively small. Most prisoners employ their own counsel, who are therefore free to accept or reject the retainer as they see fit. But this merely increases the individual responsibility of the attorney without in any way changing his duty to his client.

Suppose, then, a lawyer knows his client to be guilty, to what extent is he justified in espousing his cause?

The profession has not agreed upon an answer to this question. Some maintain that the whole duty of the advocate lies in seeing that the forms prescribed by law are adhered to and the trial conducted ac-

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cording to the rules and practice of the courts. Others hold that mere passive supervision is not sufficient to fulfill the advocate's obligations, which require him to present every possible defense, no matter how technical, in favor of the accused. Not a few argue that if the law can be circumvented by any means short of downright deception it is the bounden duty of the advocate to attempt the evasion. This was undoubtedly Mr. Butler's attitude, and in the case referred to he actually succeeded in saving his friend's murderer from the gallows.

Mr. H. L. Clinton, a well-known practitioner at the New York Bar, seems to have taken a similar view of the matter. In his book entitled "Extraordinary Cases" Clinton sets forth his defense of Shay indicted for the murder of a man by the name of John Leary. Leary and another man had been quarrelling when Shay interfered and struck Leary. Leary struck back and then retreated, pursued by Shay, who, as he followed, covertly drew a knife. The chase lasted for some time, but finally Shay caught up with his unarmed victim, whom he stabbed through the head with such force that he could not withdraw the blade of his knife from the skull, and was captured red-handed. The murderer was promptly tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. His counsel, on examining the record, could find little or nothing upon which to base an appeal. He discovered, however, that the word "with" had been omitted from the indictment, so that instead of reading that Shay killed Leary with a knife, it charged that "a certain knife did beat, stab, cut and wound John Leary and the said John Leary of said mortal wounds did die." This seemed to the attorney's mind an indictment of the knife rather than of Shay, and upon this theory he based his appeal for a new trial. Such a defense sounds too farcical for serious consideration. Nothing in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial by Jury" can parody it. But the court did not seem to think it was being trifled with when it was solemnly presented with a forty-page brief elaborated from the omission of that preposition "with"; and the counsel relates with no little pride that this apparently absurd point went far toward saving his client, who finally escaped punishment.

This illustrates the extreme view of the lawyer's duty, but it is the one held by most practitioners at the criminal bar. They justify their course by saying that penal statutes must be strictly construed and that the law is best served by those who insist upon its exact fulfilment. Their business, they argue, is with the law as they find it, not with the law as it might or should be. It is the legislator's task to enact the law, and the lawyer's to apply it. No counsel should be called upon to decide what provisions should be invoked and what waived. Nothing can be written into the law which is not plainly there, and nothing can be omitted which is there without violating the fundamental principles upon which the law rests.

THE DIVISION OF TRUTH.

THE foundation of most lawsuits is a disagreement about facts, and when facts are in dispute it is against human nature for the contestants to believe each other honest. Were the goods delivered equal to the sample? Did the representations made at the time of the sale amount to a guaranty or imply a warranty? What was said and done by the parties which induced the signing of the contract? What was the unwritten understanding as to certain contingencies? Did the engineer blow his whistle and ring his bell before reaching the crossing? Was not the plaintiff guilty of negligence which contributed to his injury?

These are some of the constantly recurring cases where stout assertions are answered by unqualified denials and proof positive is met by positive proof.

Every litigant thinks his opponent is falsifying, and naturally the lawyer who represents a lying cause is nothing but a knave hired to do dirty work. This might be a reasonable conclusion if one side or the other always had the right of the dispute. But unfortunately the truth is very seldom to be found wholly on one side. A well-known judge is reported to have said that the majority of cases he decided for the plaintiff might, with almost equal justice, have been decided for the defendant and *vice versa*. "A hair perhaps divides the false and true." If the courts, after hearing both parties, find it difficult to arrive at a correct conclusion, the lawyer's task is still more difficult.

Suppose the attorney is perfectly honest and has no purpose but to advance truth and

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justice. The story told to him comes from interested witnesses, prejudiced observers and partizans. He must discover the truth, if at all, from what lawyers call an "ex parte" hearing. Moreover, it is notorious that most people, even when they have no self-interest to serve, are careless listeners and inaccurate observers. If any one desires to experiment with this, the familiar parlor game of "Gossip" will afford ready illustration. Let a dozen persons sit in a row, and let the head of the line whisper a short sentence in his neighbor's ear, to be whispered in turn to his next neighbor, and so on down the line. The chances are that when No. 12 announces what was said to him, No. 1 will not recognize his original sentence, and no one will have received or imparted exactly the same phrase. If any one prides himself on being an accurate observer, let him try to draw from memory, and without previous study, a rough diagram of the face of his watch. Most people will omit the second-hand, indicate Roman numerals for Arabic or *vice versa*, turn the figures upside down, or show other palpable errors of memory or observation. And yet the average person looks at his watch at least as often as he does at any other object.

In the face of this human failing is it surprising that lawyers often take bad cases, or that, in the intermingling of fact and falsehood, the worse sometimes appears the better cause?

"Why do you take so many bad cases?" angrily demanded a Parisian judge of Langlois the advocate.

"Because I have lost so many good ones!" was the cutting retort.

There was something more than subtle repartee in that reply. Some of the best cases are numbered among the lost causes.

Selwin, when asked what were the elements of a successful litigation replied: "It depends on several things. First, you must have a good case; second, a good attorney; third, a good counsel; fourth, good witnesses; fifth, a good judge; sixth, a good jury; and lastly, good luck."

A LAST DECISION.

MANY people suppose that the final adjudication of a case locates the facts and discloses which side has the right of the dispute. Nothing could be more erroneous. The last decision settles the controversy, but unfortunately the truth often remains as inextricably tangled as ever in its web of words.

Mrs. Maybrick has been convicted and has served many years of her sentence, and yet the facts in that case are, to say the least, in doubt, and public opinion as to whether or not she murdered her husband is certainly divided. Some believe the testimony of the prosecution and pronounce her guilty, others see the truth in her testimony and are convinced of her innocence. The verdict of the jury, though it decided her fate, merely recorded the opinions of the men who rendered it. The contradictions still stare at one another—the mystery is still unexplained. Tilton against Beecher is another famous case which, after an exhaustive trial and a generally accepted verdict, did not, in the judgment of many people, locate the whole truth. The verdict of a jury declared Garfield's assassin to be sane, but most people to-day believe that the creature was a lunatic. After four trials the facts in the case of Laidlaw against Sage are still in doubt. Did Mr. Sage use Laidlaw as a shield from the maniac's bomb, or was the story made out of whole cloth for purposes of extortion?

Would it be fair to charge the defenders of Mrs. Maybrick, the attorneys for Tilton, the counsel for Garfield's slayer and the lawyers in the Laidlaw-Sage case with bad faith? Yet the charge has been made against all of them at one time or another by either opponents or partizans.

All this is advanced, not to argue that lawyers are injured innocents, but rather to demonstrate the inadvisability of any wholesale arraignment of the profession. Doubtless there are members of the Bar who take cases which they know are fraudulent or dishonest in a greater or less degree. But the number of those who do so is comparatively small, and as to their morality there can be but one opinion.

LEGAL RIGHT AND MORAL WRONG.

MOST men can be trusted to choose between vice and virtue, good and evil, right and wrong, when the issues are perfectly well defined. But unfortunately the lawyer's problems do not often take so simple a form. He must frequently decide between the legal right and the moral wrong—between legal justice and fair dealing—between what he knows is law and what he feels is honorable.

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Not long ago a lawsuit was tried in New York which illustrates to some extent the complexity of such decisions. This case had a peculiar inside history and raised a question for which there is perhaps no precedent in the books, although the private records of more than one active office would prove that the situation is not altogether unique.

The action was brought on behalf of a woman, the holder of certain railroad bonds, against the officers and directors of the company which issued them, charging the officials with fraud and attempting to hold them responsible for the supposed value of the securities. The suit began to attract attention, and before it came to trial the counsel for the plaintiff had made arrangements with other bondholders whereby this particular litigation was to be conducted as a test case for the benefit of all persons similarly situated. There was no question as to the justice of the plaintiff's claim, and her case was apparently well supported by the law and the facts. During the trial, however, the attorney received private information that, though the plaintiff had possession of the bonds in suit, she did not own them and had not owned them at the commencement of the action, having previously sold them under circumstances sufficient to account for the error. The counsel's first impulse was to announce his discovery and discontinue the action, but when he expressed that intention to the other parties interested he met a storm of angry opposition. Events had taken such a turn that the failure of this test suit meant the failure of all similar claims. There was a chance that the fatal error which the attorney had unearthed might not be discovered by the other side. The lawyer's answer was that he knew the plaintiff had no right to recover, and that was enough for him. He did not propose to deceive the court by prosecuting an action which, with his knowledge of the facts, was fraudulent, no matter how just the other cases might be. He was reminded that the discontinuance of this action would defeat the other claims and make it impossible for the claimants to receive justice. He was urged to remember the large interest he personally had in the result of the action, but at this argument he promptly resigned. Another attorney was appointed in his place, the litigation was continued without the slightest suspicion on the part of the defendants of its fatal weakness, and ultimately a large sum of money was recovered from them.

Is it an indictment of the profession to say that, with full knowledge of the facts, the Bar's approval of the conscientious attorney would be merely perfunctory and official, and its bestowal accompanied by an enigmatic smile?

EVERY-DAY TEMPTATIONS.—LAWYER OR LAW.

BUT the daily temptations which beset lawyers, while less complex than the case last recited, are perhaps more difficult to withstand because free from all possibility of exposure. Most of the shady transactions with which the Bar is connected are perfectly "legal" and safe from all censure save that of conscience. But, as Balzac writes with biting scorn, "The man who shrinks from nothing so long as it is *legal* is certainly strong!"

The debtor comes to his attorney with a hard-luck story. He intends to pay his creditor, and has no thought of ridding himself of any just obligation, but what he wants now is time. Cannot the lawyer put in some kind of defense to the action which will postpone the day of reckoning? It is easy for the counsel examining the papers to convince himself of his client's sincerity and to argue that, by gaining time for the hard-pressed debtor, he will really aid him to discharge his debts. There have been cases where this has been the result of such action, and the exception sometimes makes as well as proves the rule. So very likely the attorney puts in the dilatory defense "just to oblige." But possibly in looking over the papers and questioning his client he sees a legal defense to the claim—not a fair or honorable disposition of the matter, perhaps, but an absolute bar, in law, to any recovery. If the counsel shows this way of escape to his client, how many men hard pressed for money—or even "time"—would refuse to take advantage of the suggestion?

Suppose the client has been injured in crossing the railroad. The injury is terrible—the guilt of the corporation evident. But the law says the plaintiff must be free from contributory negligence. Did he look up and down the track before crossing? He looked to the right and saw nothing. Did he not also look to the left? No. Is he sure? Yes.

Would he swear he did not look to the

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left? No? Then he might have done so and forgotten it? Yes? Now, as a matter of fact, didn't he tell counsel when he first spoke of the case that he looked in *both* directions? Don't remember it? But it is possible that he did say so? Ye-e-es. And if he then said so it was true? Of course.

Well, the client seems to have a good case, but it is important to refresh his memory about that little matter of looking *to the left as well as to the right.* . . . Of course it will not do to guess about that. He must be sure. . . . He feels pretty certain now? . . . Very likely all the facts will come back as he thinks them over. . . . To counsel it seems remarkable that the client should have looked in one direction and not in the other. It stands to reason that he must have looked in both directions. . . . Better go home and think it over, and if in the morning he should be clear on that point suit can be begun at once and very likely large damages will be recovered. . . .

In nine cases out of ten the next morning will see the testimony well within the rule of law toward which the attorney is straining.

The temptation to strengthen or stretch the facts has a thousand different justifications for any practitioner who feels the slightest inclination to yield to them. When a powerful Board of Directors announces its policy and instructs its counsel to proceed along certain indicated lines, it is very easy for him to acquiesce with a shrug of his shoulders, muttering, "I wouldn't do it myself, but——"

These are a few of the more common temptations which beset the legal career. They are familiar alike to the struggling, hungry small-fry and the counsel of repute. No one can practise long enough to be free of them,—no one dare flatter himself that he knows their every guise. Whether the advocate yields to them or not depends upon whether he is a lawyer or merely a limb of the law.

THE LABOR-SAVING APPARATUS OF THE COURT.

NOT long ago a well-known member of the New York Bar, addressing a graduating class of a law school, defined the duties of a lawyer in these words:

"The lawyer should prepare one side of the case—not both. He is, as to his side of it, the labor-saving apparatus of the Court. It is not his business to prepare the other side. He comes to know best the facts that support his side of the case, for it is his duty to search them out and have them ready in proof. The same is true of the considerations, inferences and arguments that may be drawn from the proofs, and is equally true of the propositions of law that may be brought to bear. The natural tendency of all this is to enlist his faith, arouse his sympathies and make him a partizan the same as any other man who has got hold of one side of a truth."

If the lawyer's sole duty is to search out the facts and precedents on one side and have them ready in proof, or if this be his main duty, then the law is merely a hireling profession and not a very honorable one at that. It is teaching of this kind which degrades the legal calling. It is such lax thinking and loose talking that encourages the spirit of personal irresponsibility and accounts for much of the evil reputation of the Bar.

The attorney who will espouse any side of a cause and is satisfied to be *"the labor-saving apparatus of the Court"* may be a necessary evil, but his ideals are certainly not elevated. The counsel who listens to his client's story, accepts it without investigation, or bolsters it up and gladly hurries with him and his *"half of the truth"* into court, may be a cheerful champion, but he is likely to prove an exceedingly poor adviser. The attorney who looks for a precedent to support the desired contention, and, having found it, is straightway convinced of the justice of his cause, forgets that "the law has convenient syllogisms for crooked consciences," and that "legally" is an adverb which props many a fortune.

It is this species of lawyer who can be easily persuaded to vouch for shady cases with "affidavits of merits" or who has a clerk to do this for him—a delicate tribute to personal dignity. It is this same type of gentleman who makes nice distinctions between "his personal and his professional opinion," little dreaming that he thereby admits he can be hired to do things for others which he would not do for himself.

It is this person who has his price for obstructing justice and twisting truth, and who is to be found daily in the courts bullying witnesses, deceiving juries, playing the mountebank, appealing with high-sounding periods to the lowest motives of mankind—doing anything and everything which the legal bravo is paid to do.

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Why the pettifogger who teaches the business man how to be dishonest with safety or profit should feel privileged to look down upon his fellow practitioner who saves the criminal's neck is one of those mysteries which will probably never be solved. The sleek gentleman of Wall Street who despises his "slick" brother of Centre Street, but fails to recognize his dubious methods when applied on a large scale, is a pitiful commentary on human nature. He may be seen every day, however, pluming himself in Board-rooms and before Referees with immense self-satisfaction.

THE IDEAL OF DUTY.

IN the writer's opinion, the blind partizan advocate who "*has got hold of one side of a truth*" is not "*the labor-saving apparatus of the Court,*" but a clog on its machinery. He is apt to be ridiculous as an adviser and dangerous as a citizen. Certainly he represents no ideals worthy of emulation. If the legal calling is still entitled to be known as "the honorable profession of the law," the lawyer's duties are surely quasi-judicial. He should be able to see not merely one side but both sides of a case, and as far as possible enact the part of judge and jury for his client. He should do more than this. He should decide from all the facts in his possession whether the cause is fair and honorable according to the highest ethical standards of which he has any knowledge.

This is no new theory. It is merely a paraphrase of the principles which govern those who have the best interests of their profession at heart, and happily there are many such. They are principles which have survived the smiling sneer of that element of the profession, always largely if not well represented, which finds honesty not quite—well, not quite practical. How long they shall continue to survive depends somewhat upon the public—for the public will find ever ready at its hands the sort of service which it most demands. The man who consents to be represented by a legal pickpocket, sneak-thief or ruffian, and takes a share of the plunder, should never complain of his creature or the tricks of his trade.

SOME REMARKS.

By Simeon Ford

[Simeon Ford, professionally a lawyer, by occupation a hotelman, is the wittiest after-dinner talker in New York. Tall, lanky and of a melancholy cast of countenance, he speaks with pained deliberation and suffers with an air of patient sadness the laughter his remarks provoke. Mr. Ford's is typical American humor, abounding in ironic exaggeration and quaint allusion, in style suggestive of Artemus Ward and Josh Billings. The "Remarks" that follow were delivered at an annual banquet of the Bankers' Association and at a hotelman's banquet in Boston. In succeeding issues of Everybody's Magazine others of these amusing talks will be printed.—Editor.]

BANK NOTES

AS I sat here this evening, listening to the strains of that fine old bankers' anthem, entitled "When You Ain't Got No Money, Why You Needn't Come Around," I was thinking what a grand idea it was for you magnates to get together once a year to exchange ideas and settle among yourselves what shall be done, and who shall be done, and how you will do them. Personally, I'd prefer to exchange checks rather than ideas with many here present; not but what the ideas are all right, but somehow when money talks I am always a fascinated listener.

This is the first opportunity I have had of meeting you bank presidents collectively, and when you were thawed out. I have met most of you individually, when you were frozen stiff. I never supposed you could warm up as you seem to have done, my previous impressions having been of the

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"How'd you like to be the iceman" order. Sometimes I have thought I'd almost rather go without the money than get a congestive chill in a bank president's office, and have him gaze into my eyes, and read the inmost secrets of my soul, and ask unfeeling questions, and pry rudely into my past, and throw out wild suggestions about getting Mr. Astor to indorse for me, and other similar atrocities. And even if I succeed in deceiving him he leads me crushed, humiliated and feeling like thirty cents to a "fly" cashier, who, taking advantage of my dazed condition, includes in my three-months' note, not only Christmas and the Fourth of July, but St. Patrick's Day, Ash-Wednesday and sixteen Sundays, so that by the time he has deducted the interest, what's coming to me looks like a Jaeger undershirt after its first interview with an African blanchisseuse. That's the kind of thing the poet had in mind when he wrote:

"I know a bank whereon the Wild Thyme grows."

I have observed that one's reception at a bank varies somewhat with the condition of the money market. Go in when money is easy and the president falls on your neck, calls you by your first name, and cheerfully loans you large sums on your Balloon Common and your Smoke Preferred, and you go on your way rejoicing. The next day, news having arrived that a Gordon Highlander has strained a tendon in his leg while sprinting away from a Dutchman near Ladysmith, money goes up to 180 per cent. a minute, and you get a note requesting you to remove your Balloon Common and your Smoke Preferred and substitute Government bonds therefor. And still you wonder at crime.

But if you really want to know the meaning of the terms "marble heart" and "icy eye," go into one of these refrigerating plants for a loan when money is tight. It is prudent at such times to wear earmuffs and red mittens fastened together by tape so they can't be lost, for you will need 'em. As soon as you reach the outer air—which will be in about a second—run home and plunge the extremities in hot water, and place a porous plaster on what remains of your self-esteem.

Bankers are too prone to judge a man by his appearance, so that the very men who need money most have the hardest work to get it. They are apt, especially at the City bank, to discriminate against the "feller" who looks "rocky," in favor of the Rocky-feller. Clothes do not make the man. If they did, Hetty Green wouldn't be where she is, and Russell Sage would be in the Old Ladies' Home. If uncle Russell had to travel on his shape, he never would see much of the world. Yet beneath that ragged coat there beats a heart which as a beater can't be beat—a heart as true (so the Standard Gas people say) as true as steel.

But, after all, banks and trust companies do a lot of good in a quiet way, especially to their directors. See what a convenience some of our trust companies have been to their directors of late. It would sometimes be mortifying to these directors to have to attempt to borrow money on certain securities in institutions with which they were not connected, because, instead of getting the money, they might get six months.

I notice that the Secretary of the Treasury says that 105 per cent. of the bank failures are occasioned by the directors borrowing all the funds and thoughtlessly neglecting to return the same. This is not as it should be. Directors should be satisfied with attending meetings and trying to look sagacious at $10 per look, and not selfishly insist upon getting away with all the boodle. Such business methods are not only discouraging to the stockholders and annoying to the depositors, but remove all incentive to effort from the cashier and note teller.

Nor do I think that any man should be eligible to act as a director after he attains the age of one hundred years. The hardships are too severe. Sometimes when a director in pursuit of his duties has to examine the securities of a bank, he is liable to suddenly come across collaterals the sight of which may bring on heart failure.

I know of one lovely old gentleman who examined an uptown bank, and he came in contact with so much ice, common and preferred, that he got severely frostbitten, and broke out in a severe attack of chilblains. I say, let the young men take up the heat and burden of the day. There are lots of us who in time will develop into excellent borrowers, and to whom a weekly ten-dollar gold piece will be as was the manna to the children of Israel.

You all know my address.

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BOYHOOD IN A NEW ENGLAND HOTEL.

I WAS raised in the State of Connecticut, but it was no fault of mine. My parents, before I reached the age of consent, experienced one of those sudden reverses of fortune which have always been so popular in my family, and we left our beautiful New York home, replete as it was with every luxury, including a large and variegated assortment of chattel mortgages, and moved up into Windham County, right in the centre of the pie belt and quite near the jumping-off place. It was a lovely, beautiful, quiet, peaceful, restful, healthful, desirable, bucolic hamlet, three miles from the cars, and far, far from the madding throng, and where a man could use his knife for the purpose of transferring nourishment to his mouth without attracting undue attention. When I say it was quiet I but feebly describe it, but when I say it was healthful I am well within the mark. If a man died in that village under eighty years of age they hung white crape on the doorbell and carved a little lamb on his tombstone. I left there twenty-five years ago to seek my fortune—which I'm still seeking—but the old people who were old then don't seem any older now. Last summer when I went up with my children I noticed that the same old people were about as lively as ever, and the same old pink pop-corn balls and jack-knives were still in the show-case of the store, which I used to think I'd buy when I got rich, but no longer seem to crave.

We boarded at the village hotel, and the experience I gained there has been of incalculable advantage to me in later years. Whenever a knotty question of hotel ethics presents itself to me, I try and decide what my old landlord would have done, and then I do just the opposite.

And yet he has some good practical ideas which I would like to adopt in my hotel. For instance, he expected his guests to saw and split their own firewood in winter, generously supplying the cord-wood, however, and the ax as well, and also the saw. If I remember aright, we were expected to supply the pork wherewith to grease the saw, but he furnished the saw. My room was in the third story, and its ceiling slanted down so rapidly that sometimes in the night, when aroused by a rat bounding joyously around on the quilt, I would sit up suddenly and imbed portions of my intellect in the rafters. In the midst of the room was a sheet-iron stove of forbidding aspect, which stood like a lighthouse sequestered in the midst of a great arctic sea of zinc. It had great powers as a fuel consumer, the peculiar quality so characteristic of country stoves, to wit: the more fire you had in the stove the colder the room seemed to become. I made a scientific examination of that stove and conclusively demonstrated that of the heat generated thereby, 125 per cent. went up the flue and the balance went into the formation of rheumatism and chilblains.

Being, naturally, of a somewhat shiftless nature, I very rarely laid in a stock of wood at night, and in consequence I frequently had to go down early of a winter morning and dally with that wood-pile. There are a good many cold things in this world, but the coldest of all is an ax-helve which has reposed all of a winter's night on a Connecticut wood-pile.

There was another feature of this little hotel which commended itself to me. The food was good, plentiful and nutritious, and it was all put on the table at once. The boarders were privileged to reach out and spear such viands as attracted their fancy and transfer the same to their plates without loss of time. Compared with this Jeffersonian simplicity of service, the average banquet seems cumbrous and ornate. Yet one thing is certain: things seemed to taste better in those days. Why, I can remember the thrill of ecstasy which vibrated through my Gothic system when the sound of the dinner-bell fell upon my strained and listening ear. With what mad haste I dashed up to the good old colonial washstand that stood near the door, dipped out a tin basinful of water, scooped up a handful of soft-soap out of the half-cocoanut, and proceeded to remove my disguise. And then the towel! Ah, me, the towel! It was a red-letter day in the history of that hotel when we got a clean towel. And then the comb and brush! Perhaps I ought to draw the veil of charity over the comb and brush, and yet I used them just as generations had done before me and generations then unborn are doing yet. And when at last, with shining face and slicked hair, I would descend upon the dining-room and proceed to devastate the eatables—shades of Lucullus, Harvey Parker and Delmonico, how I did relish my victuals.

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AN ANONYMOUS HEART.

By Kathryn Jarboe.

IT was Christmas Eve and Donald Vance was buying for his wife's Christmas present an opal ring. While waiting to receive it, his attention was arrested by a small diamond heart closely incrusted with brilliants, supporting at one edge a pendant ruby. Wondering idly over the probable destination of the ornament, a brilliantly foolish idea flashed into his head—he would send it to Minna anonymously and enjoy her curiosity and her varying conjectures as to the donor. So he purchased the heart, feeling that he was purchasing days of unalloyed amusement for himself.

Now, though Minna Vance was an exceedingly up-to-date young woman, delighting in masculine attentions, Donald Vance had never felt a twinge of jealousy. He was in love with his wife and sufficiently self-satisfied to be sure no rival could exist.

The ring he delivered in person, with some pretty speeches, for which he received a number of kisses. They were not perfunctory, either, for Minna Vance was also in love with her husband. Of the heart, which was despatched by a discreet messenger, he had thought as he thrust his key into the lock:

"I'll wager she shows it to me before I shut the door."

Minna did meet him in the hall, it is true, a little unusual color on her dark cheeks, an unwonted light in her gray eyes; but no diamond heart was visible, no diamond heart was mentioned. Later, Donald thought of the color and the light and, remembering, wondered, then pondered deeply, then came to a conclusion. There must be some one, some definite *one*, warranted in sending Minna the heart. It is not necessary for her to imagine, to conjecture; she knew, or at least she thought she knew. And, knowing, she was afraid to tell him, Donald, her husband; afraid to show it to him. The suspicion, once harbored in Vance's brain, was speedily reinforced by others—by one other, more powerful than the rest. Undoubtedly Minna thought it was Baron von Bremer, a handsome young German who of late had been the most assiduous of his wife's attendant cavaliers.

Thus it happened that neither peace nor good-will presided over Donald's pillow while the bells were ringing in the Christmas-tide. Instead, simple little facts, commonplace situations, ranged themselves on the brass footrail of his bed and explained themselves. They all magnified the Baron's appreciation of Mrs. Vance's charms into a passionate adoration, a mad infatuation. Indeed, if he had taken the unwarrantable liberty of sending the heart Donald's wrath could hardly have been greater.

The first note that Mrs. Vance opened in her bundle of Christmas mail was a note from the Baron, and the first gift she received was a box of flowers bearing his card. Vance choked when his wife lifted one of the roses to her face.

"The dear Baron," she cried; "isn't it nice of him to send me flowers?"

"Mighty poor acting," thought Vance. All Mrs. Vance heard was "little puppy," but she fancied she guessed what adjective had preceded this.

"The Baron, you mean?" she gasped. "Why, I thought you liked him, Don. Don't you care to have him send me flowers?"

Was there an emphasis on flowers? Her face was buried in the blossoms, and when it

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emerged it seemed to have assumed some of the color of the rose that had brushed it.

It was too much for the husband's composure. He flung aside the paper he had been looking over.

"I'm off to the office," he cried.

"Not on Christmas Day, Don." Mrs. Vance dropped her flowers and moved toward her husband.

"Why not on Christmas Day?" he retorted. "It's a day for fools and——" The door banged fiercely. Not until dinner-time did husband and wife meet again.

Arrayed in her loveliest gown and decked with diamonds, Mrs. Vance was welcoming her guests when Donald appeared. This was the picture that greeted him—Baron von Bremer kissing his hostess' hand, while she blushed rosily.

Among the pins of her corsage Donald searched in vain for the symbolical heart.

"I suppose she's thanking him for it—the cad!" he thought.

In reality, she was only thanking him perhaps a little too profusely for the roses.

Dinner was a failure at the host's end of the table, but Minna, quite oblivious of the fact, kept up a stream of talk with the Baron at her right hand. There seemed an unusual charm and piquancy in her manner; in Donald's eyes, a subdued excitement. He alternated between cursing his luck and the heart, and then thanking both for showing him the true state of affairs.

After dinner he disappeared. His guests were unendurable; the Christmas gaiety that animated them was an odious mockery to him. He sought seclusion and solitude and found them in his wife's morning room. He threw himself into an easy chair near her desk, crumpling the paper in her waste-basket, while his brain conjured up memories of a happy past and manufactured a gloomy future.

Half unconsciously, he spread out one of the sheets of paper on his knee. It was covered with Minna's huge quill-written characters:

"Beloved, how can I thank you! Words cannot, words must not, but I do, a thousand, thousand times. It is so beautiful, so sym——"

A blot ended the word. Donald read and gasped. There was no name. But was a name needed? Did he not realize only too surely for whom the letter was meant? He bowed his head on the arms of the chair and groaned. The hours passed unobserved. The house grew strangely silent. Donald did not hear the door open—did not hear the light footsteps that crossed the room.

Minna stood over him for just a second. She saw the paper crumpled in his hand.

"My poor, poor Donald," she cried; "where did you find that? I—I thought, I meant it for part of the joke, Don, and then I hadn't time to finish it."

He raised his bloodshot eyes to her face. She had been removing the pins from her gown, loosening a bit of lace here, a knot of ribbon there, and now, nestling under a flower, Donald saw the heart.

"A joke!" His voice was hoarse and rough. And still she only smiled.

But suddenly she dropped on her knees before him.

"Oh, Don, Don, Don, you foolish boy!" she cried. "Don't you know—*don't* you know that when people send anonymous hearts they don't address them themselves?"

And out from the drawer of her desk she drew the wrapper of the box that had held the heart, and then he saw and remembered that he had himself written thereon her name and address.

"Oh, Donald, Donald," she laughed.

"Oh, Minna, Minna," he groaned.

THE COMICALEST THING.

By Lindsay Denison.

JOHN WALES stood back of his counter and looked sadly out through the fly-clouded door at the glare of the Albuquerque sun in Albuquerque's main street. He was tired. He was cross. His mild, gray eyes followed a hornet that was hunting in the fly-clouds, and he caught himself murmuring a request to the hornet to go away and leave the flies alone.

"Flies has some rights to a show for their lives," he said, smiling drearily, "especially a day like this."

The flies buzzed faster and blacker and vanished for a moment. Doctor Riddle stood on the threshold and rested a hand on either side of the doorway. As the flies returned he flapped one hand and then the other past his big shaggy head.

"Hey, John," he said, "you know Ted Mills?"

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"Sure do," answered Wales, smiling softly. "I sure do," he murmured.

"Just been up to his place," said the Doctor. "Got smallpox; bad. He's about all in."

"Pshaw! you don't say," observed Mr. Wales, with more than a polite warmth of interest. "Anybody with him?"

"Nope," said the Doctor.

John Wales began wiping his hands on a damp towel.

"Kinder guess I can get some one into here to tend the place by skirmishing 'round a bit," he said. "It ain't right there shouldn't be nobody with a dyin' man."

"Contemplatin' goin' up there?" asked Riddle. He seemed faintly amused.

"Sure," answered Wales. He walked to the door and squinted out at the white street with its empty doorways.

"'Tain't hardly necessary," explained the Doctor. "When I left him he was coming down here."

"How?" John Wales raised his eyes almost imperceptibly.

"I told him he'd got to cash," began the Doctor. "Gave him six hours to make up his mind who he'd have for pall-bearers. He thinks a spell. Then he up and says——"

The Doctor broke off suddenly from his narrative to ask:

"Say, did you and Ted ever have trouble?"

"We sure did!" Wales spoke with the caressing tenderness of one who is recalling a dead sweetheart.

"Oh!" the Doctor let out a breath of relieved curiosity, "that's it. Ted up and says: 'Seein' as I'm so near to dead and there's so little time left to tend to matters of importance,' he says, 'I kinder guess I'll improve the shinin' hours by killin' that sea-serpent, John Wales.' And when I left he was tearin' around looking for his gun, the which I had hid in his boot when he was first took sick."

There was a moment when the silence was disturbed only by the plunk of the hornet as it butted against the sides of the doorway in its overgreed to pursue its prey.

"Well," remarked the Doctor abruptly, "guess I better be moving on."

Wales followed him to the door.

"Hey, Doc," he called after him, "tell me somethin' about this yer smallpox. Is a man what's got it—is he——" Wales blushed darkly and his voice fell almost to a whisper. "Is he what you call *compus mentus?* I mean, is he got as good a right to get killed as the next man?"

The Doctor dug his heel into the powdery crust of the street and bit his under lip as one duly conscious of the importance of a professional opinion thus asked. He looked up at Wales gravely.

"Why, sure; yes!" he said, and went his way.

The flies buzzed and the hornet plunked his angry head against the door-jambs.

A shadow crossed the rectangular patch of white glare. The door was darkened. To Ted Mills, batting his eyes blindly into the gloom, came a gentle-voiced warning.

"Get on back into the street. You shet off my light. I'd hate to have to let light in through you."

Into the stray bar of light that streamed over his visitor's shoulder Wales caught the gleam of metal. The room was lighted by two yellow flashes and filled with noise and smoke. Mills staggered back into the street and scrambled upon his pony.

"Come on outer there," he roared. "Come on outer that! Lessen you're waitin' for the smallpox to beat you out. Come on out, you split-nose centipede!"

He slapped the pony's face with his bleeding right hand, the revolver swinging loose in his left as the pony danced. The empty doors down the street filled with men. Out of the nearest one, Jimmy-Come-Lately darted and slipped into Wales's place. He encountered the proprietor at the threshold.

"Say, John," he gasped breathlessly, "Say John, let me kill him, won't yer? I ain't never killed a man, John. You don't mind, do you?"

"Why, no, son," drawled Mr. Wales. "I ain't got no feelin' in the matter at all. Help yourself." He handed his revolver to Jimmy. "Go on an' kill him. But if you get into trouble, son, don't blame me for it."

Jimmy-Come-Lately leaped out of the door and blazed away at the smallpox patient on the dancing yellow-and-white pony.

"Yip! Yip! Ye-e-o-w!" he remarked in shrill and somewhat ostentatious tones. "This here is Jimmy's trouble!"

The pony leaped four feet in the air. The bullet had struck it in the right fore foot. Albuquerque, giggling with ecstatic joy, retired discreetly into the shelter of its doorways. It was clear that, though Jimmy might be amusing, he was too highly agitated to be witnessed with safety to all beholders.

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Ted Mills fired. A segment of Jimmy-Come-Lately's hat-brim dropped to the ground as though it had been sheared off with invisible scissors. Ted's horse wheeled and broke for the eastern end of town. Jimmy-Come-Lately fired again. The bullet rang on a crowbar twenty paces behind the pony and thirty paces to the right. Albuquerque peeked from behind its door-jambs and laughed boisterously. Ted Mills threw out both hands, swung sideways in his saddle and hung from his stirrups like a sack of meal. His head dragged in a cloud of white dust under the galloping pony.

He was followed by an interested committee. They reported on their return that the ricochet shot from the crowbar had struck Mills at the base of the brain.

"That shot, son," remarked John Wales with a kindly smile, when Jimmy-Come-Lately brought back his gun, "was the comicalest thing I ever see."

THE SLAVE.

By Elliott Flower.

MATTHEW JOHN PELHAM was worth a million dollars.

And yet Matthew John Pelham could not take life easy. He had tried and failed.

He promised his wife not to go to the office on Sundays, but to remain home all day. He tried to interest himself in features of the paper previously ignored, but his mind wandered. He made an heroic effort to read a novel, but found himself speculating on business affairs. He went for a stroll, but kept thinking of the little odds and ends of correspondence that it was his custom to "clean up" on Sunday afternoons. When he returned to the house he wandered restlessly from room to room.

After the third Sunday his wife relented.

"For heaven's sake, go to the office!" she said, irritably. "You're so uncomfortable here that you keep us all in a fever. But, surely, you can afford to have more reasonable hours after this. Why should you go to work as early as your clerks? When you were struggling to get a start perhaps it was necessary, but there is certainly no excuse for it now."

Matthew John Pelham knew that his wife was right. It was time for him to get a little enjoyment out of life, and he wished to do it. He agreed to a later breakfast hour. But the habit of forty years of strenuous business life is not easily broken. He awoke at the usual hour, and got up at the usual hour. Then he waited patiently for breakfast. One morning the cook had a visit from him. Would she be good enough to make him a cup of coffee and a little toast, and he would not wait for the rest? After that he had his breakfast alone regularly at the same old hour.

"Where is the pleasure in life?" he asked himself. "For years I have looked forward to the time when I would be able to have the enjoyment that others get. The time is here, but I am doing as I always have done."

"You should meet people," his wife finally suggested. "Aside from business, you have lived the life of a recluse. You know nothing of the social world. It is there others find their relaxation and pleasure."

Matthew John Pelham met people, and they wearied him. They talked of things in which he had no interest. Indeed, he knew little or nothing of their topics, and cared less. He really knew only one thing—business—and of that no one spoke. He was alone in the social world—a man apart, uninteresting and uninterested. He tried the theatre, but with no greater success; it all seemed so foolish. When there were real problems to occupy one's mind, why give attention to purely fanciful ones? He could not get outside of himself sufficiently to become interested in what did not directly concern him. It was not money; to win, to be successful, that was everything. In the modesty of his early poverty he had set his mark at $50,000; later he had advanced it to $100,000, then to $500,000, then to $1,000,000. He had passed the last figure, and was still working as slavishly as ever. It was more than enough for him; his wife told him so; his children told him so; he told himself so. It was time to take life easy, but there was no other life for him. There had been, but he had lost it years ago—just when, it was impossible to say.

In his own household Matthew John Pelham found himself practically a stranger. So far as he desired to be, he was master; but he had no interests in common with his family, except money. He was generous

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with his wife and his children, but their thoughts ran in different channels, and they wearied him. This he disliked to admit, but he knew it was true. So, while he lived within himself, his taciturnity dampened their ardor, and in the family intercourse there was an uncomfortable feeling of depression and restraint.

Yet Mrs. Pelham was a devoted and thoughtful wife. It was her ever-present wish to draw him from business. She made him join a golf club, and went to the links with him. He took golf as he would have taken a doctor's prescription: it was a pure matter of will-power, with which personal inclination had nothing to do. He made the rounds of the links in the same spirit that he had followed a plow in his early days; it was a task that he had set himself, and he would do it. Once a business friend on the club-house porch seemed to offer relief from the ennui of pleasure, but the friend cut him short.

"I never bring my office to the links," said the friend, who had not lost the art of enjoying life in the struggle for success.

Matthew John Pelham determined now to try a more radical remedy. He would take a vacation. In all the latter years of his career he never had taken a vacation, except when he was able to combine it with business. His partners urged the idea of a vacation upon him, and his wife seconded their efforts. He needed the rest and relaxation; he had earned it, and he ought to hide himself somewhere beyond the reach of telegrams or newspapers for two months. While he was not quite prepared for this, he did agree to go to the seashore for four weeks.

"Every one else enjoys it," he said, "so why shouldn't I? At any rate, it will compel me to drop business, and I *must* acquire some other interest in life."

No one ever worked harder than Matthew John Pelham to gain relaxation; but he was back in the city in ten days, leaving his wife and children at the seashore. It was the old story. He might as well have been marooned. Surrounded by unconventional, sociable, pleasure-seeking folk, he was nevertheless a hermit. He was with them, but not of them. He was not understood and he did not understand. So he returned to his desk and his work, and, under his fostering care, his million doubled and then doubled again. True, there was no satisfaction in it, but absolutely nothing else was left for him to do. He was a prominent and wealthy citizen; in many ways he was a power; he was conceded to be the best informed man in his particular line, but he had forgotten how to live, and he knew it. After the seashore experience he went his own way because he could go no other. Some of the friends of his wife and children he knew by sight, and some not at all; but about every clerk in his office (and there was no detail of a business transaction that escaped him) he knew all that there was to know. In the opinion of his associates, he was a wonderful man.

When Matthew John Pelham drove to his office in the morning the early risers pointed him out and wondered why he did not take life more easily. True, he finally had abandoned the street-cars for a carriage, but why should he put in such long hours? They regarded him as a fool, but he was not—at least, not then. A mental and physical collapse would have followed any radical change. His business actually was his life.

In truth, he was near to collapse once when the doctor ordered him to remain in the house for a few days. Not ill enough to be in bed, he found the restraint more than irksome. He chafed and fretted; he called the office up on the telephone many times; finally he had his stenographer come to the house with some of his correspondence. Even that did not serve to quiet him. He became so restless and nervous, so depressed, so utterly unreasonable, that he was finally allowed to go back to the office.

"He ought not to be out," said the doctor, "but the trip is the lesser danger of the two. He'll go to pieces in another day if we keep him here. For him it's worse than solitary confinement."

Matthew John Pelham shut himself in his private office, to go deep into a financial problem that had held his attention for some time. It promised to add much to his wealth, but it was not this that allured him—it was a business problem. As a matter of habit, he must master it.

Perhaps he did. His head was resting on the papers relating to it when they found him, but he was beyond speech.

"A successful man!" was the verdict of press and public.

It may be; but also a slave—a typical American self-made slave.

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The Gifts of God

by John Russell Hayes

I saw a woman pale with care
Beside the way;
Wistful of face she wandered there
That Autumn day.

Her thin hands held blue asters blent
With goldenrod,
And so I knew that she had spent
An hour with God

Among the fields; that she had come
With weary feet
Fleeing her poor and narrow home
To walk the sweet

Uncrowded, pure, clean country ways,
And for an hour
Find respite from unresting days,
With bird and flower.

Alas! how many souls like thine,
Unhappy thralls,
Do poverty and need confine
In city walls!

Ah, not for them night's mystery
And odorous dark,
Nor the enchanted piping free
Of dawn's first lark;

For them no image deep and soft,
In tranquil stream,
Of great cloud-islands far aloft
That drift and dream.

The chiming frog, the wood-thrush sweet,
The sad rain-crow,
The harvest songs among the wheat,
They may not know.

They may not look day after day
On falling leaf,
As pensive Autumn pines away
In golden grief.

Nay, these poor souls all closely pent
'Mid dust and heat
Of dark and grimy tenement
And sordid street,

Must count one day 'mid orchard slopes
And by calm streams
Fulfilment of their fondest hopes
And cherished dreams.

But we who share each day and hour
These gifts of God—
River and wood and cloud and flower
And luscious sod—

Do we by reverence aright
Make these our own?
Or, careless, shut them from our sight
With hearts of stone?

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TOILERS OF THE HOME.

A COLLEGE WOMAN'S EXPERIENCES AS A DOMESTIC SERVANT.

By Lillian Pettengill.

[Shortly after graduating from Mount Holyoke College, Massachusetts, in 1896, Miss Pettengill took her first step toward a practical inquiry into those social questions that had for some time been vexing her independent mind. She went into domestic service. While the following relation of her experiences pretends to the solution of no problem, it is yet full of suggestions for both mistress and maid. This, the third article of the series, will be followed by the conclusion and summing up from the same source.—Editor.]

III.

A HARD TASK MISTRESS

IN a warm September morning I knocked at Mrs. Scharff's gates. A severe-visaged maid opened to me, and I went in, followed closely by a not too tidy sister in misery who had been waiting at the corner for nine o'clock to strike—the advertisement having mentioned nine as the hour at which applicants for the situation were requested to call. We were left, she and I, standing in the hall, while the maid informed her mistress of our arrival. We looked at each other with friendly, sympathetic eyes. We were much too frightened to speak, but I think we were a mute encouragement to each other. Strange as it may seem, I was experiencing all the emotions rightfully pertaining to my assumed character. I was for the time being a modest country girl, desperately anxious for a place, and overawed by the grandeur of the surroundings in which I found myself. My heart beat fast; my knees trembled; I longed for yet dreaded the approach of the lady who tempofarily represented Fate. Fortunately for my nerves, I had not long to wait. Down the stairs she came toward us, tall and dignified in her full robe of lavender crape which hung straight from the shoulders, showing a soft white cambric undergown with dainty trimmings. From beneath the trailing skirt came glimpses of lavender silk stockings and of high heeled lavender satin bedroom slippers. We two waiting menials were suitably impressed. I heard the girl beside me catch her breath.

When the presence spoke it was to give us a good-morning in a subdued but impressive contralto. From her manner one would have judged that the matter before her was unworthy of her faintest personal interest. One could never have guessed that she had thoroughly looked us over and decided between us while coming down the stairs.

"Did you come together?" she asked next, really giving *me* her attention, though politely appearing to divide it.

"Yes'm, we came together," we both answered in concert.

She waited for an instant, then unmoved, repeated, "Do you *come* together? *Are* you together?"

"No'm. We're not together; we came separately," I replied, catching her drift; while the other girl, clasping a worn brown pocketbook to her belt with both hands, murmured inarticulately.

"*You* come with me," commanded the presence with the sudden vigor of one high in authority who stoops, and in the stooping does a signal favor. Then, "I will see you next," she said to the other girl, and turning majestically led the way to the dining-room at the end of the hall.

She closed the door and the interview proceeded. It was portentous.

"I want a chambermaid and waitress." She assumed a semi-confidential air. "Have you city references?"

I gave her the one written for me that morning by Mrs. Barnes's sister, resident in the city—yea, in the very block above for nine months in the year. It characterized me quite as satisfactorily as those others I had written for myself, and, being aimed from such short range, brought its mark speedily down.

"Sit in that chair," she said, pointing to one by the window.

I sat demurely and folded my hands while she drew a chair opposite me and went on.

"Do you know how to wash and iron? Can you do chamber work? make beds, sweep and dust? Do you understand how to clean silver? When you clean a room do you dig out the corners well? Do your rooms stay clean after you have been over them? Some girls clean, and then the room gets untidy right away again; it doesn't stay clean. Are you nice and clean yourself

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about the house? Do you wash yourself often? There's such a difference in girls about that," she explained, while I did my best to recover unobserved.

Could she, whatever the truth, have expected to hear from any girl a confession of untidy personal habits? My impulse was to rise that minute and leave her.

"There isn't much to do here after the house is in order," she observed. "We are a small family and I keep two girls, a cook besides yourself. Then we are away part of the time; my daughter and I visit a good deal in New York."

The name of the city, as pronounced, suggested splendor undreamed of.

"What I need most," she went on, "is some one I can depend upon; some one I can leave in the house. We have just come back to the city for the winter," she explained, as she saw that I was noting the cheesecloth curtains over everything in the room save the table and chairs. "We always go away for the hot weather, and we aren't settled yet. It will look very different here when the rug is down and the curtains up; those coverings come down, too."

A canny Scotsman would have called hers "a pridefu' manner."

"Why, that other girl is still waiting!" she said, rising hastily after a pause. "I forgot all about her. Excuse me while I send her away. There's no use at all in her waiting," she added more as if to herself, and she failed to close the door behind her.

"Now," she said briskly to the girl, "where have you lived? How long were you there? Are you a good waitress? What is your name? Where are you living? Yes, I'll just note this. I'll not ask you to wait longer this morning as I think I'm already suited; but if I find that I need you, I'll send."

The girl's eager voice proclaimed her as yet too ingenuous. She was shown out, still protesting her fitness, her experience, and her hopes. It is well for her peace of mind that she did not hear what followed on her leaving the house.

"Wi-p-iff!" exclaimed the matron, with unnecessary vigor, her patrician nose high in the air. "I have to air out after her. Those *creatures!* Some of them smell enough——!" But words and inflections were weak before the strength of her disgust. "I wouldn't engage *her* if I was without a girl for a month!"

Poor thing! Perhaps she had come from such a place as one I found—where the girl was forbidden the use of any bathroom, and was supplied with absolutely no requisites for washing in her own room. In such cases a girl has literally no chance to keep herself clean. I think it fair to this unknown toiler, moreover, to state that I had only detected about her the odor of stale doughnuts, and though that can never be to me an agreeable perfume, the offense was slight.

She of the keen sensibilities finally closed the hall door. Then "Emilie! Emilie!" she called, first with a rising and then with a falling inflection; and the full tone came so unexpectedly harsh that I jumped. "Emilie! Come down, dear. I want you!"

There was silence between us until Miss Emilie appeared. Miss Emilie perched on the arm of her mother's chair, and with the distance of a lofty condescension was made known to me as, "My daughter, Miss Scharff."

A rarely beautiful daughter Miss Scharff was, too. I never saw her when her bearing was not as sweet and dignified as her bonny face. Now she bent her head in pleasing deference to her mother's measured confidence.

"Now here, Emilie, is, I think, a girl who will answer our purpose very well. She has been used to general work in the country, up in New Jersey——"

At this moment a woman whom I later found was the cook came through the room to answer the doorbell.

"If that is another girl, Frieda, say that I am already suited," said Mrs. Scharff, with a haughty impatience that would have adorned a duchess frivolously interrupted while planning intrigues of state.

"She has been used to general work in the country," Mrs. Scharff resumed, "is without experience in the city,"—she paused an instant to give her daughter a significant look—"and brings this very good reference from a lady in the next block, under whose care she has been the two or three days she has been in Philadelphia."

"Very well, mother," assented Miss Scharff, dutifully taking the proffered paper. "Have you said anything about wearing the cap?" she softly suggested.

"Not yet," was the answer, quite as softly given. "I waited to find out first whether we wanted her." Then turning to me with a double tinge of condescension, "Do you

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object to wearing the cap? Just a little square piece of muslin with lace around it and a bow?" Her hand moved erratically in the air to illustrate. "I require my girls to wear light gingham dresses—shirt-waists and skirts—with white collars and cuffs and white aprons, at their work in the morning; for evening they wear black with white collar and cuffs, and white aprons which I furnish; and if I have company they wear the cap. You furnish your own working aprons, the collars and cuffs; the dresses, of course, you will have."

"I have no black dress," I suggested, after consideration. "I've been wearing light gingham."

Mrs. Scharff shook her head with a deprecatory smile. "No, you must wear black in the evening; my girls always wear black in the evening."

"Get a black shirt-waist," she said lightly, when I was still silent; "that will do with any kind of a black skirt."

My wage was to be $4 per week!

"Oh, are you a good waitress?" Mrs. Scharff asked next, being reminded of this essential point by Miss Emilie, whose mind was plainly on the ornamentals.

"I never did real waiting," I said haltingly, "but I could do it if I knew what you wanted done."

"You could do what you are told," repeated Mrs. Scharff with apparent sympathy. "Yes; and what is—you're a——?"

"Protestant," I answered.

"Yes. Now, when can you come?"

"To-morrow morning."

"We would like to have you for dinner to-night—to wait on the table," she explained. "If you are so near, just waiting in a boarding-house until you get a place——"

"I would rather not come before to-morrow morning," I insisted.

"Very well," she said resignedly, and we all rose. "Then you'll come to-morrow? You'll not fail me?" she questioned with an anxiety which I felt to be no compliment.

"You'll consider this an engagement?" she repeated again, after I had given her assurance.

I LEARN THE MEANING OF THE VERB "TO DO."

"Oh, you came, didn't you," was the first observation of my new mistress, again impressive in her robes of yesterday, when I appeared next morning. "Have you had your breakfast?"

"Yes'm," I replied, feeling decidedly ill at ease—for Mrs. Scharff seemed annoyed or nervous.

After her morning interview with the market men, Mrs. Scharff announced that she would show me how she wished the bathroom and bedrooms done. I was taken little by little through the scrubbing of the bathtub, the dusting of the woodwork, the polishing of the black walnut, the wiping up of the floor, and all the rest covered by the verb "to do."

"All these things you do every morning after you have done my room. That is always done the first thing after breakfast. We will go there now. Bring your bucket and other things; you will need them all." And Mrs. Scharff's preparatory lecture on the bathroom was closed.

"Do you know how to make a bed?" she asked when we reached her room.

I answered as usual, "Yes'm."

"Well, I will show you how I like mine made."

The making of her bed was also a serious matter, for as she stood on one side to direct and help draw up the covers, her eyes kept travelling over to note my every move. I was allowed to make Mr. Scharff's single bed unwatched, which was a relief, though I did get unpleasantly warm trotting round from one side to the other, smoothing out and tucking in. But that was because I was started at it with, "It's getting late; you'd better hurry or you won't get through;" because I was skeptically asked the second time if I had turned the mattress, a distinctly audible operation which she should have heard; and because when Mrs. Scharff came over to inspect, my well-made bed must be torn almost to pieces again that the spread, which was tucked in, might hang over on both sides to hide a worn place in the carpet. The extra work I did not mind, but I did mind Mrs. Scharff's not thinking it worth while to regret that she had omitted to warn me in time on such an oppressively hot morning of the double duty expected from the counterpane.

Then I began in the northwest corner of her dusty carpet, as directed, and brushed and brushed, with dust-pan and whisk in all the corners and under all things movable, while she stood by watching closely as I hitched along from place to place.

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When it came to the dusting, Mrs. Scharff took a duster and with her own hands showed me how to manage the bureau and the top of her desk. It was well she did. Undirected, I must ever have been inadequate to the task; for with the disorderly multitude of gimcracks on her bureau, how could I have known what to take off first? And having removed the galaxy of family likenesses from her desk, how should I have got them back again?

It was very near lunch time now. When the bell rang Mrs. Scharff waylaid Miss Emilie in the hall for a consultation. In a moment she came sailing back to ask, "What are you doing, Eliza?"

I was obviously scrubbing the marble of her wash-stand, but I answered as though she really had been blind.

She stood a moment irresolute.

"Shall I wait until after lunch to finish?" I suggested innocently.

"Oh, no—no, finish now," she answered abstractedly, quite as if her thoughts were upon lunar phases or some equally remote matter; "and when you are through you may go down. I think Frieda will have your lunch ready."

At the sound of her retreating footsteps I breathed more freely. I had never before been so openly and suspiciously watched. It made me nervous. But her absence was of brief duration. My only consolation lay in the conviction that none but an ostrich could have taken such a quick lunch and not known the pangs of indigestion. The lady went straight to her treasures as soon as she came into the room again. "Did you move the glasses I left on the bureau while I was at lunch, Eliza?"

"No'm," I answered, and stooped as I spoke to replace a soap-dish and two bottles upon the now dusted wash-stand.

"Have you seen them, Eliza?"

"No'm; I have not seen them," I answered evenly, and I put back another soap-dish and a match-receiver.

"I thought I left them here when I went to lunch," she said, peering about the floor.

"Then they are there now," I returned, starting across the room to help look for them.

"No, don't bother to come; I shall find them, I guess. Have you been over to this side of the room at all, Eliza?"

"No'm." I put back a box of matches, and the morning work in her room was done. Almost immediately the missing glasses were discovered on her desk, and I went down to my lunch wondering why she should think it worth while to inquire of my tongue, if she could not trust my fingers.

Servants' mess was presided over by Frieda.

"You come *fur* lunch?" she asked, with a strange foreign accent. "She send you down?"

"Yes," I assented; "can I help you with it?"

"No, vait; all iss ready. You take chair *fur* little bit rest; I bring in. *Was* you name? Lizzy? Take chops, Lizzy?"

"Yes, in a minute," I said, continuing in vacant stare at the table before me. But I didn't really care whether I ever ate again. It was easier to stay hungry than to move a single muscle. I was so tired!

"Vhy you no eat? You no like chop? You *muss essen* so you feel better. Soon she call *fur* you upstairs, and you can no vork venn you no eat," said Frieda sensibly. "Here iss chicken from yesterday. I can make warm in a minute."

"Oh, no," I answered; "everything is all right, only I'm too tired."

"You vork much *dies* mornin'?" Frieda looking at me with friendly directness.

"Her room," I answered laconically, crossing my arms on the table before me.

"You sweep it all?"

"Brushed it up with a little brush and dust-pan," I answered with suitable explanatory gestures, which were comprehended with a grin.

"She vork around *mit* you *alles?*"

I nodded.

"*Das ist gut,*" the cook murmured half to herself. She was making up her mind, I suspect, whether I was likely to stay. "Big room. You like place?"

"I don't know yet. Too soon to tell."

"You like Mrs. Scharff?" she went on.

"I've seen people I like better, though she was very decent to me this morning. She was afraid I'd steal her things if she left me in her room while she came down to lunch," I added in disgust.

"You care?" Frieda looked me in the eyes earnestly.

"Well, it's not very pleasant to be thought a thief. I'm not used to it," I answered.

"I know, but you *muss* no mind," said Frieda soothingly. "She nairvous because you new girl. She always so *mit* new girl.

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Venn she know you she all right. You *muss* no mind. She quite different venn she know you."

The lunch was good, and Frieda insisted on piling up my plate.

"No need to save," she said encouragingly, and intimated that the Scharff family did not care for second appearances, however disguised.

Hardly had I finished my meal when the call for "Frieda! Frieda!" filled the side yard.

It was Mrs. Scharff calling from her back sitting-room window. Frieda ran to the back door, and for no reason at all my heart began to thump half as fast again.

"*Frieda, ist Eliza unten? Was thun sie?* When she is through her lunch, tell her to come upstairs; I want her."

Frieda came in with the message, grumbling something about "alle time vatch."

"*Sitzen sie!* Sit down!" she commanded authoritatively, for I had risen to go at once. "She can vait. Take you time," she added more gently; "*die* vork vill be all safe venn you get upstairs. It vill no do itself."

"But she wants me for something special," I argued. "Because she said to me when I came down, 'Come up again when you have finished.'"

Frieda shook her head in vehement negation.

"She no vant you *fur* someting special; I know: just for afternoon vork," and taking her word for it, I sat down again and rounded out my nooning. When I did go upstairs again, it was with the comforting knowledge that Frieda and I thoroughly understood each other; we had even made a compact.

"You nevair vork before *mit* other girl?" was the way she opened the subject.

"No; generally only by myself."

After a minute of consideration, she went on confidentially. "*Wir bei* ourself venn *wir* downstairs. You vant to do all right, I can see it so; *und* me, too. It iss always *besser so. Aber wir* no haf to tell everyting ve do. Venn Mrs. Scharff *fragte mir von* me, *was* I do, *was* I say, you know notting; venn she *fragte mir von* you, I know notting. I show you, *und* tell you tings—all I know, venn she no *bei; und I hier drei yahre*, I know everyting iss done. *Aber* venn she *hier*, I know notting; you ask me; *und so wir sprechen* nevair together venn she *bei.*"

Immediately after lunch I "did" Miss Emilie's room by myself.

"I have just sent Eliza up to your room, Emilie," significantly observed the anxious Mrs. Scharff.

"Yes, mother," dutifully replied her daughter, who stayed serenely in the sitting-room and let me "do" it unwatched, a piece of consideration for which I remember her pleasantly even yet.

"Eliza!" came the call from below just as I was finishing. My impatient mistress was watching at the foot of the stairs as I came down. "Have you nearly finished Miss Emilie's room?" she asked with some severity.

"All finished? Everything? Do the upstairs bathroom next," she directed. "Do everything just as I told you this morning." The rebuke implied by her tone was unmerited, for I had been working steadily and with all possible haste; yet I felt guilty and brought even greater diligence to bear on the "doing" of the second bathroom. My labors were soon interrupted. "Eliza!" came the call from downstairs. "I want you to take these out to the letter-box for me," she said, when I had taken my stand, flunkylike, at her elbow. "Will you? You know where it is, don't you? On the corner next below." And she carefully stamped a handful of envelopes and gave them to me with the parting charge to "Hurry back and get at your work again."

On my return I reported for further orders. Mrs. Scharff thought a moment. "You have done everything in Miss Emilie's room? and in the bathroom? Have you done your dining-room to-day? Oh, well, you must do your dining-room every day. Do it now." She gave me no directions, returning to her writing.

I stood a minute irresolute. Depend upon my own judgment? How presumptuous the thought, and how really impossible! For already mine was a dominated spirit, and independence of any sort an alarming thing.

"What shall I do to the dining-room?" I asked timidly. "Just dust and wipe up the floor?"

"Why, yes, of course," in impatient surprise.

About five minutes later she paused on her way to the kitchen to give me minute instructions, without which I had hardly known how to begin.

"Dust in all the corners, good," were her parting orders, but before I could carry

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them out I was summoned upstairs by her bell. It was another batch of letters for the post-box. The dusting of the back and front stairway and halls filled up the time until half-past four, when Mrs. Scharff rang for me yet again.

"You'd better go to your own room, now, Eliza, and get ready for dinner, which is at half-past six," she said. "Change your dress, wash up, and make yourself tidy."

One hour later, cooled, refreshed, and quite satisfied with the effect of my black and white—especially with the bib apron which I had never worn before—I attended upon Frieda, who showed me how to set the table for dinner.

Then Miss Emilie came down and instructed me in the art of waiting. Her directions were clear and simple, and with the aid of Frieda in the kitchen I managed to serve the dinner without any serious mistake.

FIVE STRENUOUS WEEKS.

"I give a week-day afternoon (Thursday for the upstairs girl), a Sunday afternoon, and one evening," Mrs. Scharff had explained magnanimously on the morning of my application. "One week the Thursday, the next week the Sunday; and the week you have the Sunday you have the evening."

That sounded liberal enough, and I expressed myself satisfied. As it happened, I wanted my first free afternoon on the Thursday, rather than on the Sunday, and had counted on it eagerly.

"By the way, Eliza," said Mrs. Scharff on Thursday morning, evidently a little uneasy, "I can't let you go out this afternoon on account of the workmen who are coming."

I was prepared for something of the sort, having been warned by Frieda, whom I had interviewed on the subject of my proposed outing. I looked Mrs. Scharff in the eyes a full minute before I reminded her that Thursday was my day, and that I wished to go out that afternoon.

"I gave you a Thursday of one week and a Sunday of the next," she explained gently. "You have been here only a week and are entitled to whichever day I choose to allow you. It does not suit me to give you this Thursday, because of the strange workmen who are coming. I cannot stay at home myself to watch them on account of my business."

"I wish to go out this afternoon as I have planned," I insisted quietly.

"But how can you go?" she returned. "Don't you see that you've got to stay? I can't have those strange men here by themselves; I don't know who they are or what they might do. Frieda can't be up here to look after them for she has to get her dinner. I am obliged to go out on business, so you will just have to stay. You understand how it is—now do be sensible about it."

I looked into space and said nothing. She went on: "Have you planned anything special for this afternoon? Is there anything you have to do?"

I replied, "I merely want my time as soon as it is due."

Had she asked for the favor pleasantly, as one woman of another, I should have granted it in spite of personal disappointment. But to be told as if I were a young child and she my guardian, that she chose not to give me what I had a right to demand, that it wasn't necessary that I should have it, was insulting to my dignity as an adult. However, I was not ready to say my final good-by, so I saw nothing left me but to go about my work, which I did looking sullen and saying nothing

Work is a splendid reconciler. In less than an hour I was able to say in my second best manner that I would "go out that evening and Sunday afternoon, thank you," when Mrs. Scharff called for my decision.

Friday of this same week proved a further occasion for discipline. I overslept myself for the first and last time in this place. It was twenty minutes to seven when I awoke with a guilty start, and after a five-minute toilet, hurried down to my work.

Frieda had begun on the silver as she always did on Friday, for all those in dining-room use were supposed to be cleaned before breakfast.

"She no say it iss my work, but she expect me to help; one girl by self can no do so much before breakfast," explained Frieda.

"I heard you go downstairs at seven o'clock this morning," was the acid greeting of my mistress just out of bed, as she took her tray of morning coffee at quarter to eight.

"Yes'm. I overslept this morning," I apologized. "I——"

"I won't have a girl in my house who comes down at seven o'clock in the morning'" burst in upon me with thunderous clap.

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"Of course, if you don't get up you can't get your work done. Here you are at eight o'clock with the front steps not scrubbed, the silver not cleaned——"

"The front steps are scrubbed," I corrected, "and some of the silver is cleaned."

"How much silver, I would like to ask?"

"All that will be needed for breakfast and more."

"Well, you didn't do it. You will never get along by expecting other people to do your work. I am sure you haven't done your dusting. Understand that I expect my chambermaid to be down at six o'clock every morning, ready for work, save on Monday morning, when she must be up at five with the cook. And you'll have to if you want to stay here." And having so finished, she slammed the door without giving me a chance to answer.

Always the first thing Mrs. Scharff did, when she got up in the morning, was to come to her bedroom door to discover exactly how far I had got in the before-breakfast work. Sometimes she said good-morning and sometimes she did not, but always she put me through a catechism. Nor was my mistress ever convinced of my veracity when in reply to: "Eliza, did you dust my desk? Did you chamois the banister rail?" I said "yes." She immediately drew her hand over the surface; if her hand came away dusty—as it was quite likely to do when the windows had been opened, or when there had been a good deal of passing since I went my rounds—it was held up before me.

"Look, Eliza; it's black! You can't have dusted properly. Get your duster and do it over again."

That uplifted dusty hand rapidly lost its power to distress, and in a week drew barely a glance, never a pang of contrition; but the catechetical habit, however, irritated to the end. It was the tone and manner of the questions quite as much as the questions themselves; moreover, the very presence of the questioner became hateful. When she was nervous—which was always upon the least departure from the regular routine—or when she wanted work done, she had no mercy upon the frailty of human flesh. I knew I was being imposed upon, and went about feeling abused and ugly, as one does sometimes when one is growing up.

I have known her to ask three times what I was doing, and then retire without waiting for an answer; and once or twice when she persistently insisted upon knowing if I was using a damp chamois, as per order, I was irritated into giving her such an ill-natured snarl of a "yes" as was discouraging to further conversation.

I was driven to the last limit of my strength. All day long I was hurried from one thing to another.

Save during the noon hour, I worked at a high tension from five o'clock in the morning until quarter of six at night, which left me scant time in which to get ready for dinner. Nor did Mrs. Scharff ever once encourage me with a word of commendation.

"How is Eliza doing?" asked Mr. Scharff one night at dinner.

"Very well, I think."

"Have you told her so?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because—I don't want to. It isn't advisable."

"Advisable?"

"Yes; if you praise a girl who lives with you, she gets conceited and lazy, and you can't get anything more out of her."

"If you praise the girls that work for you, they do better."

"No, they don't; I've tried it and I know."

"So?" thought I. "Well, never again will I work as I have done." But I did. Mrs. Scharff kept on urging and I kept on responding. Indeed, later on I got over more ground and in less time; but I confess it was in a less particular fashion, and with growing indifference to the minutiae of the given directions.

"Come down as early as you can to-morrow so as not to lose any time in the morning, Eliza," was my invariable good-night, and I got down closer and closer upon Frieda's heels.

"*Warum so fruh?*" asked my friend.

"She says I must."

"She says! She says! *Kann* you no vork enough *bei* day, but you *muss* kill yourself to get down before light?" Frieda sputtered with generous ire.

One Friday night Mrs. Scharff brought a friend, Mrs. Rauston, home with her. On Saturday night Mr. Oliver, Mrs. Rauston's nephew came. He could not arrive before eleven o'clock in the evening, and Frieda and I were told to sit up for him, Frieda to get ready a little supper and I to wait upon him. But Mr. Oliver, when he did come,

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had already supped and refused to eat again, so all I could do was to turn porter and tote his valise upstairs. He wanted to do it for himself, but Mrs. Scharff insisted otherwise.

I began the day of rest at five by trying a marble-cleaner's stone upon the steps. The result would have been glorious had I been an Amazon with nothing else to do all day. As it was, the effect was a little scratchy. I did the dusting as usual, took up the morning coffee, set the table for breakfast, and waited on the breakfasters. I also had a spirited difference of opinion with Mrs. Scharff on the matter of a certain flannel skirt which ought to have been in the wash and wasn't. She didn't ask where I had pawned it, but she almost might as well. Finally, upon Mrs. Rauston's suggestion, I found it in the very bottom of the soiled-clothes hamper. Then I remembered that, picking it up late on the last Monday morning, I had put it in the hamper to wait over till the next week, because the wash already collected was of a killing size and Frieda had dared me to bring down another thing. After breakfast it was brush skirts, hook collars, fetch umbrellas and rubbers; then chamber work and dinner.

After dinner it took all the afternoon to get ready for supper. A leaf must be put in the table. Mrs. Scharff was incensed because the tablecloth had not been washed clean, and I, when she asked why, had not the courage to say boldly, "Because the washing was too big to be done well in the time we had." I said instead, "I don't know."

"Well, I wish you'd wash the tablecloths yourself after this, will you?" I said "yes," but I did not mean that there should be any "after this."

I had to endure Mrs. Scharff and Mrs. Rauston in the mess-room while the former made salad sandwiches. Their making took a long time, for Mrs. Scharff seemed to have no idea of a dainty sandwich and made several false moves. Frieda said the sandwiches were foolishness—that there was enough without them. Even so, I would rather have made them myself than have the people from upstairs fussing round.

It would have been a pretty supper had it not been too elaborate for the time that could be given to it. But the people wouldn't sit down until everything had been ready one half-hour, and the close had to be prompt, for the gentlemen were going away again on the eight o'clock train.

Mrs. Rauston whispered to me to hurry, so the dessert was brought in without clearing the table, and the last was all a jumble.

Then everything was put away, the table set for breakfast, four beds opened, one made entirely, three trays of ice-water to prepare and take upstairs, and—with the incidental toting of bags and running of errands—that was the Sunday's work: from five in the morning until half-past ten at night, on the alert steadily for sixteen hours.

Monday was like Sunday, only worse. Up at six o'clock, the morning work, the morning coffee, and breakfast. Breakfast! If Mrs. Scharff had really said the morning before, as I now dimly suspect she may have said, "Use the other dishes while we have company," the strain and excitement of what came afterward caused me so completely to forget the order that I have always since positively declared that my first knowledge of her wish came on Monday morning. In any case, why didn't she remind me of the wished-for change on Sunday night when she mentioned the scrubbing of the marble, the dusting of the stairs and halls, sitting-room and dining-room—work I had done nearly every morning for five weeks. The breakfast table was set with the ordinary china when Mrs. Scharff came down, and she peremptorily ordered on the other.

"What, have you got those dishes on the table? I won't have those! I should have thought you would have known enough to use the others."

The change was made; the people sat down, and the fruit and finger-bowls were managed without incident.

"Bring more of these plates."

They were the fruit plates, and she wanted to pass them under the cereal dishes. This was a new departure. Moreover, as there were only five fruit plates in the beginning, and four had been used, I began to wash them.

She rose from the table and appeared before me in the outside kitchen. "Leave that! You don't go to washing dishes now. I guess there are enough dishes in this house for four people to eat breakfast off without washing between courses."

"You wanted those plates, and you can't use them unless I wash four."

"Take other plates, then!"

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The next mistake I made was to set the chops before Miss Emilie, who always served them when she was at home.

"Here, I serve this breakfast!" came from the other end of the table.

"Are those all the chops there are? Take that dish out and *bring in all the chops!*"

I had taken in what Frieda had given me, without question. What she had kept back was, I supposed, to be kept hot for a second helping. Mrs. Scharff, no doubt, thought they were kept back for Frieda and me.

"Emilie, how will you have your eggs this morning?" asked Mrs. Scharff after a time, when matters were going a little more smoothly.

Miss Emilie considered and said, "Scrambled."

"Eliza, bring the eggs now."

"For Miss Emilie?" I asked.

"Er—bring the eggs; tell Frieda we're ready for the eggs, scrambled. Frieda will know."

Frieda didn't know. I repeated verbatim the order, the question, and the answer, but she got no light. "Oh, do some for Miss Emilie," I said, at my wit's end. "If they want more you can do more."

So that was what she did do; and when they were done I set them before Miss Emilie.

"Bring those eggs here! Miss Emilie isn't the only one at this table who needs to eat. How many eggs have you in that dish? One?"

"Two."

"Hasn't Frieda any more eggs out there?"

"Oh, yes."

"Why don't you bring them in? You ought to know that two eggs won't serve five people. In that dish, too. I won't have them in that dish!"

She rose in her wrath and flung out into the kitchen for the second time during breakfast. Frieda stood by her guns, but she was more worked up than I had ever seen her. An understanding was patched up in German, however; Mrs. Scharff returned to her guests, and I took in a platter of scrambled eggs. I wonder if the guests enjoyed their breakfast! Such a performance between hostess and maid, had I been visiting, would have made me very uncomfortable. I was very stupid, no doubt, not to know intuitively what had been ordered for breakfast and what changes in the service would be desired; but the morning meal at the Scharffs' always having been served from the kitchen on the European plan, as it were a change to table d'hôte unannounced was very perplexing.

"Now, I want you to keep out of the kitchen this morning, do you hear? You're not to go near the washing—there's a woman coming for that. I want the upstairs and dining-room work done."

I was only too glad to escape the washing, and had gotten as far away from it as I could—up on the third floor, in fact—when Frieda called me.

"Mrs. Scharff vant you out *im* front," she said.

All four of the women were standing by the alley gate as I came out of the front door.

"Eliza, come here. Look at that!" Mrs. Scharff pointed with accusing finger. I looked.

The men who collect garbage had spilled some soaked bread in the street, which had been tracked upon the Scharff sidewalk.

"I can't help it. I swept this walk not three minutes ago, the very last thing I did before I went upstairs!" My speech had the sharpness, and my gesture the tragedy, of despair.

Such a Monday morning after such a Sunday! I went back to Miss Emilie's room and smothered a slight inclination to hysterics. I tried to go on with my work, but finding that I was literally too weak, I stretched myself upon the mattress and tried to think of nothing for half an hour.

After lunch, which was delayed half an hour, Mrs. Rauston came into the mess-room to say good-by to Frieda and me, and to thank us for our kind attentions with a substantial "remembrance."

"She nice lady," said Frieda. "I sorry she go. How much she give you?"

"Two dollars."

"I, too."

"Would she be nice to work for, Frieda, do you think?"

"She nice *hier*, I don't know *was* she like home; may be nairvous like *dies* one—they sisters; maybe *dies* one nice venn she visit. I can no tell."

As the actual work was doubled, it would have been a fair and businesslike proceeding for Mrs. Scharff to have given extra wages to both Frieda and me for the time that her guests stayed. So would she have got by honorable purchase the oil to subdue the rising waters of her troubled domestic sea,

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instead of looking for it to the generosity of her guests. Then Frieda and I would have received our honest due for honest work, from our regular paymaster, without the slight loss of self-respect which accompanies even the well-earned tip. Such action would have brought increase of regard for the paymaster and a stronger bond of allegiance.

Such an idea very likely never occurred to Mrs. Scharff, though I have it from Frieda that it did once occur to her to be indignant with a certain guest's too liberal remembrance to the chambermaid—$5 I think it was; and Mr. Scharff was instructed to write to the head of the visitor's house, requesting that such should not happen again. It also occurred to Mrs. Scharff to ask me:

"Well, Eliza, did Mrs. Rauston remember you?"

"Yes'm."

"I thought she would." But she dared not ask me by how much.

Through Monday afternoon, Tuesday and Wednesday, I took such short rests as I could, where I could. Since I must be always where I could hear the bell, my rest was sometimes fifteen minutes on Mrs. Scharff's couch, if everybody was out, or ten minutes in an easy chair; and on Wednesday afternoon, as I was getting out the pink dishes for dinner (we were expecting a big party) it suddenly came over me that I was too tired to work another minute. Everybody was out, so I laid myself in straight lines upon the dining-room floor and wished that I might go straight to the orthodox heaven without getting up again.

There was no refreshing and cleansing sponging-off in those days; there was no time, save at night, when we were too weary to care whether we were clean or not.

"Oh, I so dirty," Frieda would complain, "*und* I can no help it. I haf no place. *Was sie denk!* I can no take bath in *das sauxcer*" (wash-bowl).

When her guests had gone I told Mrs. Scharff that I wished to leave at once.

"Oh, why do you want to go?" she asked.

"I will not live in a place where I can have so little time to myself. One afternoon in ten days is not enough."

"Oh, but you have more than that here," reproachfully. "Why, you have a Thursday one week, and the next week you have a Sunday, and then you have an evening besides!"

"Yes," I assented, "and from a Thursday of one week to the Sunday of the next week is ten days, and the evening here is so short that I can't go out or do anything with it."

"You can sew, or read, or write letters," she suggested.

"I'm too sleepy, after I've worked all day, to do any of those things. And besides, when I have time off I want to breathe out-of-doors, and see more of the world than I can see from over the back-yard fence. It is necessary for my health."

She admitted the justice of my desire. "But I thought I gave as much time as anybody?" she said, after another pause—an observation for which I hope she has sought forgiveness ere this.

"Eliza, would you be willing to stay if I gave you more time? as much as you've been used to? The chambermaid might, I suppose, go out any afternoon in the latter part of the week, if it were not that I couldn't allow the cook an equal privilege. Won't you stay, Eliza?" she positively begged.

"I don't think it best," I answered. "I'm not strong enough to do your work. I haven't been used to such hard work. It's too heavy."

"But you never looked so well in your life."

"I can't help my looks; I know I never was so tired in my life, and I'm not going to stay," I answered.

"It is the waiting on table," quoth she.

"It is not," quoth I.

"What then?"

"It's—er—I cannot work for such a nervous woman," was my final euphemistic declaration.

"You must stay until I get a girl," she said.

"I will make no such agreement," I returned; "it's altogether too uncertain. Until you get a girl may mean any time or no time, just as you decide."

"I'll make a fair and open bargain with you," she declared after a moment. "Stay another week while I try to get some one; you may go at the end of the week whether I have anybody or not. If I get a girl before the week is up, you may go as soon as she comes, and I'll give you the full week's wage. That is fair enough and definite enough."

"That is—fair enough and definite enough; only I'm not going to live out any more. I think I'll go home."

(To be Continued.)

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